NEIGHBORS ALL

By

ESTHER G. BARROWS

This book is a human record of twenty years' residence in the South End House under the inspiring leadership of Robert A. Woods. By illuminating anecdotes and by conversation with real people the author gives a new vividness to social work.

ROBERT A. WOODS

Eleanor H. Woods

ROBERT A. WOODS, founder and director of the South End House of Boston, was the exponent of his generation of pioneers in social work.

A philosopher who thought deep and straight upon the problems of life, he was also a practical man and worker. In the boys' street-corner gang he found a nucleus for the staunch and true citizen; in the Associated Charities he brought helper and helped together in friendly cooperation; in trade unionism he saw the means whereby labor would become coöperative with capital. He was pushed into politics and, holding firmly to the right, he worked with the politicians.

His life story will be an inspiration to men and women who want to participate effectively in the process of creating an ever better social structure.

NEIGHBORS ALL

O. P.
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A Settlement Notebook

BY
ESTHER G. BARROWS

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To all my fellow workers who believe in the great gift of friendship this book is affectionately dedicated.

In all of this approach to men, in their interests and relations, the influence of the settlement is after all intensely personal. . . . Every undertaking of the House is in some way given a turn so as to make easy the discovery of latent individual ability and the imparting of a high moral tone to the individual life.

ROBERT A. WOODS

PREFACE

To my friends of the South End, where I had the privilege of living for more than twenty years in the South End House, I owe the rich experiences which are to be found in this little book.

With my neighbors I met some of the great phenomena of life, as well as the everyday joys and sorrows. Together we were able to watch life become easier, richer, and happier. It was a great satisfaction to see a whole generation of children grow up to assume responsibility and to make their contribution toward conscientious citizenship.

Many who knew of my life at the South End House have asked me to record these fragments of it, so that the story shall not be lost. These pages can in no way be called a history of the work of the Settlement, for many of the important projects that occupied much of our time are not even touched upon. My hope is that they will be of interest to those who have not had the same opportunity, and that they may help to reenforce the flow of experience from which social

generalizations are safely possible. The reader will find here some of the many instances in which life among the Settlement neighbors reflected the broader experiences of the larger world.

A few outstanding personalities have left an indelible impression on this neighborhood of which they became a part. Transcending all is the figure of Robert A. Woods, who so ably gave to the world the lessons learned in our small unit.

ESTHER G. BARROWS

June, 1929

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NEIGHBORS ALL

I

BEGINNING

> The greatest of all moral sanctions is that which has to do with entering largely and deeply into human association with all its undeveloped, undreamed of potentialities for the enrichment and expansion of human life, for the fulfilment of human destiny.
>
> ROBERT A. WOODS

A LONG illness had left me very much indebted both to my Lord and my fellowmen. The best way to show gratitude to the former would seem to be to devote myself to the latter.

While living abroad for a time I visited Guy's Hospital in London, where I watched the work of a 'lady almoner' who was giving her life to the sufferers, to act as a link between them and the outer world.

On returning to Boston, I read a notice of a new school, the School for Social Work. Thinking that so I, too, might learn to be a lady almoner or her American equivalent, I then and there decided to apply for admission to the School and later learned that I was the first person to do so.

It was a great privilege to be a member of the School during that pioneer year, when every one was earnestly studying, not only to make himself more able, but also to establish such a school as should meet the need of those who wished to add skill to good will in helping others. Even then there were those who very sincerely feared that any technique would in some way lessen the power of the spirit.

While treated as students and always very conscious of a curriculum, which had been carefully worked out by the two leaders, Dr. Jeffrey R. Brackett and Miss Zilpha Smith, we never were allowed to forget that we were all trying together to establish an institution which would in time not only train those already interested, but discover and put forth leaders. I thought then and have had reason to believe as time has gone on that most social workers are born and not made. I am sure, however, that having been born, their potentialities need to be nurtured and developed through training as well as experience.

There were twelve in that first class who completed the course, most of them already workers with some experience; but we were distinctly not a group of professionals, which was evidenced by

our diplomas, which testified to the fact that we had 'completed the course faithfully and with interest.' Some of us took exception to this and later were sent a far more professional certificate. Miss Smith and Dr. Brackett both brought faith in social work as a profession to add to their great skill, one as a proved paid worker who had both led and supplemented an able board during pioneer days, the other as a volunteer acting as a tried leader. Both had won fame and distinction among the social workers of their own generation and were in a position to direct the new thought of the younger people and to help to connect it with the fine traditions of the past. And not these alone, but the best minds that could be brought to bear on some of the large social problems came to our group from time to time to lead in discussions or to lay before us treasures from their rich experience. Dr. Brackett and Miss Smith were good hunters and often brought in big game to our council table.

The field work formed no small part of the consideration for each student. In that first year and for some time to come all the students were assigned to both a district of the then Associated Charities and a settlement. I had the great oppor-

tunity of going to District 10, where Mr. Robert Treat Paine presided at the conferences with great dignity and where he was held somewhat in awe by every member of his group, including his little sister, Miss Sara, who was its most efficient secretary. But Miss Coe, the executive secretary, was our real leader, holding even the august chairman under her thumb. She was a wonderful guide and teacher for us all, ever just and fair, with one prejudice, over which we all made merry, a feeling that the Syrians could not make good. A privilege granted early in the year to attend the meetings of the Daily Committee made it possible to sit twice a week with a group of wise, experienced, friendly persons to discuss the problems of the less fortunate and the methods of dealing with them. Assured of a warm welcome from the very successful kindergartner of Ellis Memorial, where we met, it was possible to drop in frequently to gain from her a more informal knowledge of some of the families who had been under discussion upstairs. A particular family, on whom I was allowed to try out my desire to be of service, had deaf-mute parents, with hearing and speaking children. They lived near Denison House, where I frequently went to discuss their

problems and where I sometimes stayed to luncheon with Miss Helena Dudley and her workers. Here I met Miss Garnet Pelton, very frail, but very intense about the new opportunities offered through medical social service, which she was helping to establish with Dr. Richard Cabot at the Massachusetts General Hospital. My idea of lady almoner seemed to be there, but with a scope and function not before dreamed of. The contact with the residents of Denison House proved varied and helpful, and every one was most generous in giving time to explain the work. I learned then that a perfect coöperation between the local associated charity group and the settlement in the neighborhood is ideal and not impossible, and that, although it involves a sacrifice of time on the part of both agencies, it is the only way to approach what we want for all of our families — only another way of saying that 'Aid and rehabilitation should go hand in hand.'

Having chosen South End House for my settlement work because there was a woman doctor in residence, I found myself in the circle of Robert Woods's influence. I can hardly claim more than that for the first months; for my weekly visits did not mean contact with him. Perhaps it was well

to approach the great man through a knowledge of his influence on his neighborhood. Twice had we met before. Once while in the Art Museum School I had been asked to take a boys' club while a volunteer leader was away, my only instructions being, 'When a tall man with glasses enters the room, they must be quiet.' The fear of this ogre was at once dispelled when his kindly face appeared. We were all quiet then, and I do not know to this day whether he came upon us in a state of uproar or not. This occurred in the little house in Rollins Street, the cradle of South End House. Later we were together one afternoon at an art exhibition, a loan collection of pictures in the old Franklin School, near Dover Street, in what was then known as 'Hell's Half Acre.' Some of the Art School students took turns in acting as guides, and being in a state of mind to take Art very seriously, there were those who were disturbed by the practical remarks of the visitors. But it was when this same tall, bald man appeared that we were drawn together in common appreciation of the criticisms which we had heard during the afternoon — 'That ain't no good of a goat!' 'He couldn't swallow a tin can nohow.' 'Who broke the kid's leg?' was asked about one of Mr. Brush's

children in his mother's arms. One visitor begged for an explanation of one of Arthur Dow's Ipswich River paintings, and by way of thanks asked, 'Why don't these painter-folk say what they mean? Do they just want to keep us guessing?' This exhibition was considered a success, but the condition of the building made it unwise to repeat the affair. The attendance did much to prove to the doubters that the people could appreciate good pictures, and it led to more definite efforts to plan Art Museum visits for groups from the North, South, and West Ends, the Museum arranging for Sunday docent service and the settlements assembling and transporting the groups. Transportation was later assumed by the Museum.

It is interesting to trace the development of this relation to our neighborhood. The early records of the settlement say much of art appreciation groups.

When lovely ladies, who had travelled abroad, brought photographs of famous pictures which they attempted to describe to rather bored mothers and girls' evening clubs, the idea of personal participation through developing creative capacity had not penetrated very far. South End House had a loan collection of photographs of paintings,

which were given to the House to use in acquainting our friends with great works of art. These were sent about from tenement to tenement to stay for a period of time and then removed while others took their place. The 'Holy Pictures,' as all of the Madonnas were called, were always mildly welcomed, but the lack of color made them unattractive, and the 'unholy' pictures were usually tucked away to await the visitor's return. Some of our earliest calls became very informal and so were successful, because of a short cut to friendliness when the visitor joined the whole family in a hunt, often ending by finding us all on our knees when the missing photographs were drawn from beneath the bed or bureau. Years later, about Eastertime, when a gay rosebush went on a round of visits from tenement to tenement, we were reminded of this earlier plan; but the tears shed at the departure of the plant were in strong contrast to the relief when the visitor had left years before, bearing away the responsibility for 'Art.'

It was fitting that the first Children's Art Centre in the world should find its home in this very district, where all most interested had believed that Art must be a part of life itself. Mr.

FitzRoy Carrington, finding no suitable place for a really free room for children in the new Art Museum, did what was much better for us. He brought the mountain to Mahomet and erected in the South End a small building which is a gathering place for children as well as a home for beauty. His wisdom in selecting bits of sculpture which the children are encouraged to touch, thus bringing about a possibility of intimacy through feeling as well as sight, has caused the children to return again and again. The pictures, too, such delightful illustrations as Boutet de Monvel has given us, of stories which are currently being read and told in school, discover new reasons for visiting the little building and feeling at home in it. One day we were dragged back a whole block after a visit there to see a beautiful shawl which a boy of ten admired and was sure we had overlooked. 'It's perfect red,' he said.

When Mr. Josiah Quincy was Mayor of Boston, I had the opportunity of meeting him several times at the home of Mrs. Roland Lincoln, where during the long luncheon or dinner hour he discussed with his host and hostess some of the fine plans which he had in mind for the city of Boston. When he talked of public baths and city gym-

nasia, he mentioned Mr. Robert Woods and, on request, described him, which was the first time that I heard him lauded as a far-seeing and public-spirited citizen, a 'man of ideas, who knows the people.' My hostess was evidently considered a champion of the oppressed by this quiet, dark-eyed, rather solemn Mayor. For hours they discussed Long Island and the welfare of its inmates, for whose removal from the mainland to Long Island Mrs. Lincoln had been so largely responsible and for whose lives she now labored on the unpaid Board of Overseers. Later this untiring woman spent the whole of a very hot summer in visiting county jails, on which she made a report to the Governor of Massachusetts. She did not omit one, going up from her beautiful place in Manchester, Massachusetts, early in the morning and returning late in the evening, or often not until the following day, and then in a most careful and painstaking way writing out an accurate report of what she had seen and learned.

As a young girl sitting by her side in the evening, I sometimes read these reports to her. That summer's work and the privilege of a friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, which lasted as long as they lived, was a great lesson of unselfish devo-

tion on the part of two volunteers, whose work has left a lasting impression on the city in which they chose to live. The amount of time and thought which they put into the tenement-house problem in Boston was a contribution to the cause of a thoroughly practical kind. Mrs. Lincoln was for years a faithful attendant at an Associated Charities Conference, where she gave of her money and experience, and later, when the School for Social Work was established, she attended courses regularly one winter, where she showed her eagerness to learn the truth, and to add to her knowledge of technique.

Well do I remember my first tête-à-tête with Mr. Woods, to whom I had been sent by Mr. Brackett to ask whether a graduate of the School should expect to receive a larger salary to begin with than one who had no training. We had discussed this question at length in class, after which certain students had been chosen to consult persons of experience in various fields. I found both Mr. and Mrs. Woods at home at 14 Bond Street on that afternoon, with the warm greeting for a stranger which I was to learn was never failing. The little house was an example of simplicity and good taste, almost austere in its tidiness, but

warmed by a gentle fire on the hearth, before which we soon sat and talked so easily. To this day I feel the soft little pussy curled up on my lap during the interview, although I am told there never was a kitten in that house at the time. The outcome of the interview was this: 'If they started with equal pay, the untrained person and the graduate of the School, at the end of a year the graduate should have so outdistanced the other that she would have to receive more, because she would so obviously be worth more!' It was characteristic of Robert A. Woods to give everybody a chance to prove himself.

II

HOLY GROUND

> The settlement is not a movement. It is a method of approach.
>
> JANE ADDAMS

IT was in the spirit of adventure that we went forth, believing that 'every day is the birthday of a world.' We had faith that we were in some way to have a part in the pioneering that each sunrise makes possible; but the approach was very simple.

Many who came to talk over our work asked the same questions, 'How do you get into the homes of your neighbors? Do you not feel that you are intruding?' We could always reply honestly that we never went into any home without a legitimate errand or an invitation. This question was asked so often that Mr. Woods chose to publish a list of some twenty-three reasons for visiting in one of our reports.

At the time, the resident force of South End House was paying about three hundred calls a week on an average, and there was a constant urge from the neighbors for more of the informal dropping in than we could find time for. One of the best features of all the hospitality that we

could accept was our natural opportunity to return it. This was done both formally and informally day after day.

If the neighborhood was our temple, then its homes were the 'holy of holies.' 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' was the thought impressed upon would-be callers. Seldom were the new workers allowed to pay their first calls alone, lest in so doing the novelty of the situation might cause them to forget. Perhaps our calls might be classified under two large headings — those based on personal acquaintance and the desire to be lavish of personal influence and those based on a 'mere motive.' With every organization, meeting at the Settlement, the interests thus developed are carried to the homes of the members and 'systematically reënforced through its visiting services.'

The population of the South End in 1905 had become fairly established as far as proportion of nationality was concerned, and the constant movement changed the proportion very little for a number of years. Many of the Irish potato famine immigrants in the neighborhood had settled there because of its nearness to the City Yards. The ambitious man in Ireland hopes for a

job with the Government. Every family wants 'one son for the Church and one for his country.' Therefore a city post when they reach America is a natural goal and sure and regular pay the reward, 'with, God be praised, a pension to help you to heaven.' So these older men being happily employed had settled with their families in the little tenements, satisfied not to be landowners, but rather contented to leave that responsibility to others. They had been tenants for twenty or thirty years in their four or five rooms where some of them had reared large families.

An outstanding person was Mr. Collins. That there is no gentleman like an Irish gentleman was proved to his friends as with a bow and a flourish he welcomed us to his hearth and home. After the amenities were over, he was ready. Spurred on by a question concerning our Civil War, he would begin, 'I was but a lad and freshly come.' The stories lost not in their telling, and the visitor almost felt for the moment that the coming of the lad had saved the country. Never a mean word nor unkind thought, but 'them was stirring and glorious days and all the boys was foine.'

An invitation to 'run over quick, for 'tis a grand Oirish cake the wife has made and it is best eat

hot,' was an introduction to a whole evening of Gaelic poetry. The lilt of it and the expressive face of Mr. Collins while reciting it made an interpreter seem unnecessary. The immaculate house and tidy housewife left no doubt that these friends were from the North — Londonderry.

Our appetites whetted, we loved to call on 'me neighbor from the Auld Country,' the mother of nine children all named direct for the clergy. Red hair crowned every freckled face, from Bishop Brent to the Reverend Fitz. It was in this home that we found the little red hen that flew from window to window in the tiny tenement, picking crumbs from the floor. 'Me carpet-sweeper I call her.' She slept between the two pillows or in a soft nest in the feather bed. When the day came that the little home could hold her no more, her spirit flew farther than she had ventured; but the little body was stuffed and became the chief ornament in an already very cluttered room.

It was not far to the home of Mrs. Murphy of County Cork, where we called to inquire for the twins, four days old. The smiling mother introduced the little pug-nosed mites by saying, 'More insurance for me old age, you see!' 'And how many have you now, Mrs. Murphy?' On busy

fingers she counted them, boys and girls, 'and Bridgy is twelve and the twins makes thirteen.' No one on earth has ever been able to persuade Mrs. Murphy that the twins 'is' more than one, and she always speaks of little Sonny, who came eighteen months later, as 'me fourteenth and last kid.' Mrs. Murphy speaks Gaelic so prettily, and her face is so transfigured when she does so, that easily one travels back years with her to 'the green hill on which me father's farm stood and the white horse on which I rode in the back of our father to the bridge, where upon a day he had seen one of the wee folk.' We ask, 'Mrs. Murphy, do you believe in them now?' And her eye wanders over the dirty floors and untidy rooms to her offspring. She comes back with a sigh and, with a shake of her head, says, 'I left them behind, they couldn't live here; but thanks to the Blessed Jesus, I have wee folk of me own!'

As I sit at my desk on Holy Thursday, I hear a steady tramp of feet and the hum of voices on the Avenue, a procession of humanity all marching with a single purpose, making the round of the churches. 'If I visit seven, and pray in each one, I will get my wish,' says my sweet friend, who has never yet had a wish gratified as far as it is hu-

manly possible to judge, although she has prayed and waited for nearly fifty dreary years. From the great Church of the Immaculate Conception they go to the Cathedral, and later I join them to light a candle and say a prayer for my young friend who has tuberculosis. She has written to ask this favor, and her wish is carried out to the letter in all sincerity. The beautiful symbol of light warms the heart of the Protestant, and the attitude of prayer, at one with so many of her neighbors, brings her closer to them in spirit. Has not dear Sister Mary Ellen declared often, 'You are a Protestant Catholic and perhaps that is the best after all'? Sister Mary Ellen with her cherubic face and little forget-me-not eyes could tell of work in the Civil War days and liked to believe that she was a mind-reader. She enjoyed snapping her eyes and announcing irrelevantly, 'I know what you are thinking.' Strangely enough, she was very often right, which only proved what she claimed, that she knew the world and the people in it in spite of her nun's robes.

Easter calling was always interesting, and the informality of it, because of great busyness on the part of the housewife, helped to let down the bars. Church-going both morning and evening during

Lent had its direct effect on the earthly homes, because of greater consideration of the home in heaven. One neighbor told me of a man who had called several days before in such a state of intoxication as to need much admonition and strong coffee. 'But,' said she, 'come into the next room and I will show you the proof of what I brought him to.' The cleaner place on the dusty floor bore out her statement that he had 'remained to pray.'

On going upstairs to call on a Jewish friend I found her on her knees scrubbing the surface in an already immaculate room. 'This I do for my Easter,' was her greeting. 'My holy place is in my home. I am glad of it. I learn to be so glad of it from my neighbors what don't know it.' The Feast of Purification comes to our neighborhood in its own way in the springtime, and the opportunity to begin life over again inwardly and outwardly takes many forms — fasting and feasting, starving either our 'sin or our bin.' So we keep our Lent.

At this time everywhere we find a craving for beauty both of person and raiment among our Catholic friends; the Jews consider also the abiding place of the body. The poetry of life may find expression through a face radiant on Easter morn,

because — 'The Lord is Risen,' through the happy eyes of a child conscious of her new hat and shoes, and through a warmer greeting between neighbors. All the Jewish festivals are celebrated with fasting and feasting. During the Passover we eat the bread of affliction with our neighbors, and through partaking with them of their historic symbols we learn much of their history. But they seem to us to take their pleasures sadly and 'rejoice with trembling,' as the Psalmist urges.

Mr. Woods once spoke of Christmas as 'A season of elated fellowship, not to be forced, but possible only when it is real.' It was the reality of the intercourse that surprised our residents when they were included in it for the first time. So often in this world the spirit of Christmas is diluted and thinned out by acknowledgment of obligations in material ways, that they wondered at the possibilities of an almost universal Christmas greeting expressed without the general exchange of gifts. We found ourselves being 'lavish of personality.' Christmas Eve furnished the spiritual starting-point from which emanated home tree parties which were home visits glorified by an attendant Santa Claus, and blessed by the presence of many children. The friendly understanding previously

entered into by the settlement and the parents had made an enlarged acquaintance possible, as the plan often included an invitation to all the other children in the house to drop in at the appointed hour, when they were frequently accompanied by both parents.

The old people were not forgotten. We always found a candle lighted before the 'holy picture,' which was either a Madonna or the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in front of which the wreath which we left with them was placed. Often our attention would be called to the unusual tidiness of the room, or to some form of decoration. One aged Swedish woman always greeted us by saying, 'I am ready to welcome you, and I have made ready for my Lord, too, as you can see.' A valued and helpful neighbor who has chosen to stay in her own house, when one by one her friends have moved away from the district, yearly makes a very lovely crèche in her front window. She lives on one of the thoroughfares, and the many who pass to and fro on their way to work are thus reminded of the season of Christmas and its real significance.

Those who were ill were always visited, but especially were they remembered at Christmas time, and it was to them that gifts were carried;

for we had no rule against giving when the season would be blessed by it.

Often the occasion was made to welcome a new baby on this its first Christmas, and some of our most cherished memories are of beautiful madonnas resting serenely among pillows, with the other children gathered about the bed from where they directed the hospitality so proudly offered by their husbands. 'You will bring him good luck?' asked one lovely Syrian mother, resting her great eyes quietly upon Santa Claus, as she pressed the new baby to her breast. This was always the occasion for offering the home-made wine, in which we were expected to drink the health of the child and of its parents. In fact, each household found a reason for presenting or sharing on the spot its special kind of food. At one Italian home, where we never failed to call, we always found a great feast prepared, very rich food done in olive oil. We were tempted to take too much, for it was delicious, which caused Mr. Woods to remark more than once, as we walked away, 'I doubt whether we shall survive.' But we really found that we must express our good will in a way that was understood and by that magic no harm came to us.

Each resident made a list of neighbors with whom a call on Christmas Eve would have special significance, and the feeling expressed by those who, as the years went on, could not be with us, was that they had thus become a part of this season of good will for the first time in their lives.

As the neighborhood came to include more of those from the Latin countries and the East, we tried to study their history in order to know of their holidays. It was surprising how little we could find in books. Perhaps it was better to go to them with our questions, and this we did frequently, before leaving receiving thanks for our interest.

Two special crises come to my mind which took us into every home in the district and gave us an opportunity to learn more of the wonderful patience and endurance with which our neighbors meet adversity. During the coldest, iciest winter I can remember, we, like the rest of the world, were without coal. The arrangement which the settlement houses were able to make with the coal-dealers was in the main very satisfactory and humane. But the difficulties that we all found in carrying them out would have been insurmounta-

ble had it not been for the universal coöperation. A procession of men, women, and children passed our house all day, dragging fuel over the ice, so cold from waiting for the small amount granted them that they were actually suffering. On the coldest days they were asked to stop at our residence for a cup of soup or coffee. Soon the Salvation Army served hot drinks at the coal yard, and it seemed easier. Every kind of sled was used. Most of them were home-made carriers, put on runners. Every kind of raiment that could be found was worn against the bitter winds — patchwork quilts, bright embroidered scarfs from the Orient, table-covers, and shawls of all kinds and sizes. Men and women, boys and girls, were wrapped in them alike, making it impossible to recognize any one.

Since no coal was delivered to them without tickets, we took charge of these, giving our word that no one should have a ticket unless we could testify from first-hand knowledge that he was in need. We visited all day and often far into the night, going, with something over twenty-five hundred families on our list, from tiny kitchens, where only a bag of coal at a time was possible, to dark bins where the owner would accompany

us, candle in hand, in the hope of getting his allotted quarter of a ton. The aged had to stay in bed, and only great watchfulness kept us happy about them. It was awful to wake up in the night to see all the drama with the mind's eye and to face the possibility that even one person had been overlooked. The kindness shown by every one to every one else is never to be forgotten, coupled with the astonishing resources for self-help which were evident. All through the following year we came upon sad results of this experience among both old and young. Perhaps the most noticeable was the number of boys who were found to have hernia when they came for their annual examination for the Caddy Camp. This was directly traceable to the heavy loads which they had carried up many flights of stairs, not only for their own families, but also for disabled ones during that winter.

Another time of crisis, and one which brought us together in great sorrow, was the autumn when influenza stalked through the neighborhood. As is usual at such times the imagination was stimulated and ran away with many. It came to be called 'Black Death,' and had its never-failing accompaniment — fear. As we carried the daily

concoction of soup, prepared at our Club House, we found ourselves opening unlocked doors and entering on tiptoe tenements where the number of those who needed us might have become less since our visit a few hours before. Sometimes our entrance made no stir, as the whole family lay stricken. It was for us to find a cup from which to administer the nourishment and, having given it, to steal quietly away in the hope that sleep would be their next visitor.

In those days we met only doctors or nurses or occasionally a Sister. A hush lay on the neighborhood like a pall and few could rise above the general apprehension. Many young mothers were taken and whole families of little ones left without care. Fathers went about stunned and helpless and all relief organizations were overburdened. Nurses were particularly susceptible, and those brought to Boston for the emergency proved no more immune than our own, so that their numbers decreased as the days went on, and more responsibility was left to the laymen. Funerals had to wait their turn sometimes much too long for the nerves of the overstrained family. The undertakers ordered so much material ahead that their small shops would not hold it and our comings and

goings were made sinister by the obviousness of the preparations displayed on the sidewalks. One enterprising firm went so far as to put out a large sign stating the exact price of a funeral under their auspices, naming one so low with terms so easy as to suggest competition. An Irish neighbor remarked that it almost made it tempting to 'go now, while the going is good.'

It was the only time when our neighbors did not outrun us in their helpfulness; but prudence or fear kept many away. All public gathering places were closed and there was no coming together except for funerals, which brought out all friends, as, for the moment, dread and fear were laid aside.

All day and into the evening we visited and worked among our neighbors with all who could come from other parts of the city. Those who promised vegetables for our soup came faithfully and then ceased to come, and we dreaded to ask why, knowing the answer only too well. Nurses and doctors and other helpers disappeared, but not one of our residents had to give up for even a day during the long strain, and when it was over, we could almost forget our fatigue in gratitude. It was very touching that our neighbors

remarked on this fact too with genuine feeling. 'God is good,' showed their acquiescence in the divine plan and their faith that we were still needed.

III

HOSTESS AND GUEST

> The atmosphere of the work has continued from the beginning domestic rather than institutional. The workers have never forgotten that a settlement is essentially a family whose initial mission is to live simply and hospitably with the neighbors.
>
> GEORGE HODGES

ONE of the most delightful experiences in a settlement is the possibility of being at home to one's neighbors and their friends. For this reason it is customary to have a resident always 'on' in a settlement, or, as we liked to think of it, 'taking turns as hostess.' It is interesting to see how often the former life of a woman resident will contribute to her ability to do this well. A social experience plus a genial, outgoing personality, seasoned with the feeling that the next caller may open up a great adventure, make a perfect hostess. To those accustomed to entertaining, where gracious hospitality was a part of the home life, this seemed a very natural opportunity. Certainly the reciprocity was welcomed by all of those who understood; to others it was a bore.

For many years I had a regular afternoon at

home for all of my friends, with a cup of tea to make possible the breaking of bread together. Many tête-à-têtes were enjoyed in this way, for the afternoon began at one o'clock and was long. The certainty of finding the person whom they wanted to see gave a zest to the call and sometimes justified the effort to dress up all the family under school age, often four in number, who could not be left at home. We soon found that we must make provision for keeping the children happy too, so we assembled small chairs, a table, and toys. The miniature tea party came to be a part of the afternoon's pleasure, with milk and cookies and a few table manners.

A dear neighbor and old friend came shyly in one day, saying, 'You shared so many of my sorrows that now I have come to bring you one of my joys.' The tired face shone with pleasure as she told of her son having won a scholarship which would enable him to go to college. At these times we would inquire for each child in turn, and very seldom was a mother willing to leave until, after many interruptions, we had canvassed every member of her family. The ready acceptance of our sincere interest in all that was of consequence to our friends was stimulating and helped

us to recall some of the easily forgotten details. 'Do you remember the blue coat I had four years ago? This is it, made over for little Mary, and the cuffs is the muff you gave me two years ago. Do you remember?' Often there was a sigh from the visitor when another guest appeared to interrupt our little confidences. There was always about the callers a sense of leisure, which added to the comfort of it all. Our Armenians and Syrians live in eternity, and often told us of the fatigue brought about in the mere contemplation of our hurried life. But with other races, too, nothing but the thought of the husband's return to his evening meal terminated a call of some hours' duration. It was frequently planned that father should drop in on his way home from work to gather up the family, which was a most pleasant occurrence, and brought about better understanding all around. Sometimes we persuaded two or three couples to come in for an evening, and that was a treat, indeed, for we could at once discuss our common problems and bring out a side of the husband which the wife had never known. She generally went away feeling that she had married a man of the world after all.

One of our club girls wedded to a carpenter

brought him to call one evening in order that he might learn something about economics. Her explanation was that he talked foolishness since he had joined the union, and she thought he should be told more about it all by those who knew. Another friend appeared with her husband, who had been out of work because of a strike, and asked that we 'make him reasonable.'

But there were also early morning calls, sometimes before we had realized the beginning of the day. A pleasant voice was heard, 'Oh! Tell her that I will get some breakfast and come back again, for I must catch her.' She did return, looking very earnest and purposeful. 'Do you have social opportunities? It is a husband I want. The man whom I called husband is no longer mine. Could you find a pencil and paper to write down some of all that he must be?' Such a request left me breathless, and I could only say, 'You know most of us who live here have no husbands ourselves. How can I find one for you?' 'Oh! But you will have, because every goose has her gander,' quite unconscious of having said any unflattering thing. The following afternoon I found a little girl at the house who had been left by a woman without name or address — simply with

a promise that she would be called for. Very late in the evening my husband-hunting friend appeared and claimed her child; but with the question of our keeping her for a time pressed to a breaking point of embarrassment.

Often the neighbors would send their friends with a request which was a challenge to our resourcefulness. One midnight a very old woman appeared, who had been accompanied to our door by some one from the next house. She stood there alone and announced: 'I have walked all the way from Lowell. It must be five miles. I am tired now and I want to go to bed. I have had five children and I brought them all up on the sewing machine.' The dear old soul had wandered about and was truly lost. The next day we found a son, not on a sewing machine, but in a near-by town, and she was gathered unto her own.

All of the requests which came to us were handled in such a way as would seem friendly and natural, so that we were not thought of as professional helpers at all.

After returning from a visit of some months in Europe, I went to see an old neighbor, who announced furtively: 'In your absence there has been a new kind of person going round in our neighbor-

hood. They say she is called a social worker! There are two kinds of her. One is the kind that follows you to your home after you leave the hospital and the other is the kind that takes your children away from you, if you don't treat 'em right.' 'Are they neighbors?' 'Oh, no!' she said; 'just workers who don't know you when they come and often don't know you any better when they go.'

One of the happiest features of our 'at home' days was the meeting at our house in a most natural way of people of different interests and background.

While entertaining an old neighbor who had moved away a decade before, the wife and daughter of the Governor of Massachusetts were shown into our little sitting-room. At the same time an Italian neighbor arrived with her baby. We were introduced, drank tea together, and then found ourselves having tête-à-têtes. But I heard the Governor's lady say to the policeman's wife, 'My husband is in the employ of the Government, too, and I am very proud of the fact, aren't you?' Later the conversation turned to the fact that they were about to meet their respective husbands in town for dinner. When the Governor's wife

had departed, the wife of the police officer was asked if she liked her. She had not known at all to whom she was talking; things fairly flew as she rushed for her wraps and sped from the house to tell of her experience. Soon word came back to us through the neighbors that the Governor's lady was 'awful simple and easy to talk to' and that she had told our caller how to make baby's shirts out of old salt bags. Numerous requests that these be saved for the purpose came to us and they were soon the most fashionable garment in the district.

A Russian Jewish mother met a member of a very old Boston family before our fire. They were led to talk of their sons, each having one in Harvard College at the time. The interchange was said by both to have been helpful. The common ground discovered was not the curriculum, but the fact that the son who lived on what was then called the Gold Coast in Cambridge had his possessions borrowed and not returned, just as did the struggling son who was trying to work his own way. Both women agreed that college was expensive, but worth it. I might cite one instance after another to show how much people have in common if they can only find one another natu-

rally. The ready acceptance of the fact that the hostess is a friend creates that between groups which is so needed to bring about a 'common denominator in the humanities.'

Many of those living about us did not know our Club House from experience and had no connection with organized group work. They called us 'the neighbors at 43,' and we were careful not to have a door-plate or anything which would outwardly set our little houses apart from others in the block. Dr. Edward Everett Hale once said that the way to find a settlement was to look for the house on the street with the cleanest windows and shiniest doorknob. Very often we failed to qualify in this way.

Our house was not used for meetings of regular groups in those early days and it had all the appearance of a family residence. In 1910 Mr. Woods was able to write: 'The Women's Residence itself is as little as possible institutional. Its influence is altogether simple, quiet, human, so far as the great pressure upon it from the neighborhood will allow. A thousand ways of sisterliness and neighborliness is its program. It is so close to the heart of the settlement motive that one must be in it and of it to understand. Here

the report fails. "Happy is the nation which has no history."'

Mr. Woods believed that 'of very decided importance in securing and holding residents is the convenience, comfort, and distinction of the living quarters.' When in July, 1900, he wrote to his friend Miss Dawes, of Pittsfield, 'We have now a "sister" settlement where four young women live together in a delightful little house,' he had in mind a small house, situated in about the centre of the tenement district, halfway between Dover Street and Massachusetts Avenue. It was one of a block of houses, low-studded and quite ordinary. Miss Anne Withington, the first woman resident, and her committee made it over and furnished it with excellent taste and good judgment. My diary, written during my early volunteer days when this house was five years old, says: 'The pretty green sitting-room with its crackling fire and gay rugs and simple early American furniture is a good setting for all that transpires. I find that it has a spiritual and, I think, almost a physical reaction in the neighborhood.' But the small provision for hospitality was also noted: 'The lack of knowledge of other organizations is very noticeable among the women residents, due to

their constant fatigue and to their lack of facility for entertaining. The tiny dining-room is full with only two guests. The residents wait on table and door and telephone and dumb waiter. Even the table refuses to accommodate itself to emergencies and it would not turn over a new leaf for Miss Jane Addams herself. We had to annex a cutting table piled high with bath towels, because of the difference in height, and "43" was honored by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Woods and the great lady as guests.'

A common comment from our neighbors after meeting some one at our house from the outside world of whom they have heard is, 'Ain't she plain!' Those of us who sat down with Miss Addams that evening for the first time felt again what a great compliment was implied in those words. We had all been nerved up to meet one whom we held in great reverence only to discover at once that we had with us a gentle, unassuming person, who was actually interested in us and in what South End House was doing. She and Mr. Woods discussed and differed pleasantly. We were all included as though we might at any moment be expected to make a contribution. Miss Addams shared with Mr. Woods a kind of defer-

ence to youth. Their attitude was one of equality because of the common purpose and the consecration to an ideal which they took it for granted was held by all of those who had identified themselves with the settlement movement. During dinner we discussed the dream which Mr. Woods and Dr. Elizabeth Newman had so much at heart — that the adjoining house might be purchased and added in order to make possible a larger resident group. Apropos of this Miss Addams said, 'I should like to start a settlement again just to show people that it can be done without brick and mortar.' Her remark seemed to us to be a caution not to lay the emphasis in the wrong place as the house grew. When the Women's Residence was seven years old, Mr. Woods wrote in his annual report, 'The two residence houses for men and for women, particularly the women's residence, retain in high degree the atmosphere of simple, homelike, and neighborly influence, which was in the beginning and should be until the end the distinctive fact about settlement work.'

When we eventually added two houses, we carried the interest of our neighbors with us and shared with them the realization of hopes which they helped to bring to pass. During the time of

growing pains the door was never closed, although we lived there under some inconvenience. The children ran in and out to watch with wonder, and one small boy exclaimed with his mouth full of jam sandwich, 'Thith wath a nith houth, and you've spoilt it!' But later he returned to marvel at it along with many another at our house-warming parties. On these occasions the neighbors took turns in acting as hostesses with us. They would point with pride to our new acquisitions, not the least among them being their own gifts. 'Oh! Sure this house is just like life. It has its ups and downs,' was the significant comment of one who had spent her days in a tenement. Through this change we had many opportunities to talk quite naturally of some of the problems of home-making and house-furnishing as a part of it. The lack of plush and stuffed furniture was a surprise to many, whose first thought would have been just that. One of our club girls who was about to be married sat down to discuss the matter in relation to her own new home. She seemed convinced by all the arguments brought forward to prove its undesirability from the point of view of hygiene and cleanliness. Months afterward she invited us to her home, much later than would have seemed

natural, and as she greeted us rather fearfully she said, 'Here it is, but you must remember you have had your plush days.' Her small living-room was overfilled by the inevitable 'parlor set,' while plush curtains hung at the windows and on either side of the door. The lesson learned by us from this incident was never to be forgotten.

On the other hand, almost at the same time one of our club boys came in, bringing his fiancée to meet us. He said to her, 'I want you to notice this room, Kate, and if you don't like the way it is furnished enough to have ours like it, you ain't for me, that's all!' Later their little room was uncannily like ours, even to the Japanese paper lampshade, and we were shown about with no reservations to admire the shining new dishpan, the 'real Rogers plate,' and the pretty holders and dusters. But in that home the bed was the 'pièce de résistance,' made up to show its irresistible possibilities for rest. The bride explained, as we stood in wonder, that she never made it without singing the verses she had learned in the Little Housekeepers' Class, where she had been introduced to some of the first principles of housekeeping at seven or eight years of age.

IV

OLD FOLK

> . . . And that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.
>
> GEORGE ELIOT

DURING my life I had known many old people and had loved their ripeness as I love the autumn. While in Art School I had visited at the Home for Aged Women regularly and been fed on tales of former days.

Would that I could remember all that a doctor's widow told me of the Boston of her childhood! Her husband had been allowed to have his laboratory and dissecting-room on the marsh which is now the Public Garden; because it was so objectionable, it must be far from everybody and everything! Then she would reminisce about the filling-in of that marsh and with what it was filled. 'An amusing foundation for the life of the aristocracy,' she would say merrily.

Later, when we were trying to make gardens in the South End, I was reminded of my old friend when one neighbor was telling me of the impossi-

bility of preparing the ground. 'But,' said she cheerfully, 'it ain't too bad 'cause we and the Back Bay ladies is just the same. We digs down a spade and comes to tin cans and ashes.'

It was natural to choose, as the subject of the special study required at that time by the School of Social Work, the provision for the care of the aged in Boston. This study included one visit at least to every institution for them, both public and private, and a careful examination of the City Trust Funds. Only later when I became a neighbor to a very large number did I learn how those manage who are through aid enabled to live in their own homes. About three fourths of the aged in Boston receiving aid are to be found in the South End. This may be accounted for in many ways, but is largely a matter of housing, as the district offers many inexpensive small tenements and holds a great number of lodging-houses.

The women live alone surrounded by their Lares and Penates, each one dusty but precious as connecting them with a past. It is sad to find that for some of them the past has only remembered sorrows; but the more general attitude toward their youth is one of pleasant memories.

They have all worked, and a few have fallen

from higher estate. Some of them lived in the light of family life not their own, but one to which they added much comfort by their labor, and a few of them did factory work in the early days of women in industry.

It suggests an interesting comparison, the old age of a 'living-out girl' and that of an industrial girl. One realizes that free evenings have made a very great difference always. Although the former servant is not considered quite her social equal, the woman who has gone out from her home to work every day, generally speaking, is not a natural home-maker. Some of us go so far as to believe that we can detect the difference when making our first call. We find that they cling to certain social distinctions most jealously, and that, added to the common feeling of suspicion during old age, one finds this definite class feeling.

Mark Twain has chosen to be in the Catacombs on the Day of Judgment; but I should like to be where I could see all the aged in our district hurry forth to meet their Creator. What a large group of them there would be, carrying their troubles and excuses! But most of them would be transfigured by the joyous expectancy of meeting their

Lord, for to those who really have religion, old age may hold pain and suffering, but no terror. The solace of going to church is very great. All that transpires there is almost exciting. Long days are shorter because of the visit to pray in the company of others, and the hope of reward in heaven is quickened by the careful, punctilious attention to prescribed obligations.

They have been washed up on the shores of society as flotsam and jetsam. The tide has gone out and left them stranded to dry and wither and be forgotten. What is more, people seem not even to wish to be reminded of them, so that it is always hard to raise money to help the aged. 'There but for the grace of God goes ——' is not an agreeable thought when one's own name is inserted and many are unwilling to face it. They do not allow themselves to say that it is unpleasant to think of, but give as an excuse, that work for the old people has no future, and so cannot be constructive.

We do not find many studies of the causes of poverty in old age; but each one reveals almost invariably, coupled with the economic difficulties, a question of personality traits which have driven the person from society to solitude. The craving

for companionship is often satisfied by the number of cats included in the little home of one or two rooms. 'They listen well and give me warm comfort,' said the owner of six, who always explained carefully that they 'eat the leavings.' We soon learned that her slim diet of bread and tea was often divorced from butter so that the cats could have a bit of meat. Later when the visitor, doctor, and rent collector threatened to call the Board of Health unless some of the pets were disposed of, she taught them to sleep in the closet, the door of which could be shut very easily on the appearance of a caller.

We had a sadder experience in playing hide-and-seek with three sisters who for many years assumed that they were but two 'and only one of us works.' The other posed as an invalid, and it was not until she really became one that the third was discovered. Out from under the spell of her stronger sister the poor mental invalid forgot her trick, the only one she really ever knew, of retiring into the closet at a look, and stood vacantly staring at her dying other self. For seventeen years the three sisters had lived together in one room, fearing separation and the Board of Health; for their slender means admitted only of such small

quarters as would not have been permitted if known.

Two very gentle women had occupied two rooms for many years, one of them crowded to the ceiling with furniture, necessitating that life be carried on in the kitchen. This, with the bed, cooking stove, a sink, two large chairs, and a table, was too overcrowded ever to be clean. After much urging, offers of help and final threatening of eviction on the part of the landlord, the place remained the same.

One late afternoon, when the sister, who was not well, came in from work, she upset the lamp, which always awaited her lighting, and she was so badly burned that she died before reaching the hospital. This left the gentler one alone and she followed within a fortnight.

On the day when the doctor told us that she could not live, she was asked if she would like to make a will to say who should have the furniture. She replied, 'You must ask my sister everything like that.' The following day, as I was setting forth to keep a speaking engagement, I was sent for in a hurry because she was dying and wanted to see me. She lay very still, but her face lighted up as she said, 'Sister says you — or the church.'

So with witnesses present we wrote a will leaving all that she had to her spiritual home, signed it, and she affixed her cross because she had never learned to read or write. Meanwhile the Club sat and waited and wondered why their speaker was late; but when I returned to Boston that will was valid. A grocer boy was given the key and told that he might dispose of the furniture, but the priest to whom the will had been given was asked to search in the mattresses, where he found nearly three thousand dollars.

Another lonely soul did not need pets because, she explained, 'The Lord is with me.' As she grew older, she would relate conversations which they had carried on. When the nurse found her very ill, she claimed that she had overeaten, 'because my Lord kept saying to me, "Eat more, eat more."' She was inordinately fond of fresh buns and had consumed a whole dozen, 'because His urge was upon me and His voice was in my ear.' And so she went to her heavenly rest.

One friend who had 'the cronics in the spine o' me back' never tired of getting in and out of her chair, to show us that she 'could not move at all, at all.' But she was the best of company, living in the past when she had the love of little chil-

dren. She had travelled abroad with families and she liked to tell of her experience in foreign lands. She had rolled up quite a nest egg, but through poor advice, or with none at all, it was unfortunately invested. The loss of it had unbalanced her mind on that one subject, and as she grew older it became a happening of the present. 'As I stepped off the steamer onto the wharf, I heard the newsboys calling, "Alice has lost her money." You see it was all over the town.' But she never could forget the satisfaction of having money to lose. She and a neighbor across the hall, who had also been in service, had each saved about $10,000; 'but' (without bitterness) 'she now lives on her income, while I live off the city.'

It was such tales as this that helped us to understand the peasant's reason for hiding money in a stocking. Although 'there ain't no pocket in a shroud,' it is a comfort to feel the physical presence of one's hoardings up to the last moment. The danger of this, however, was proved in the case of two more sisters, who, unlike the others, although living in great poverty, were reported to be misers and really 'very rich.' When the clothing of the older one caught fire, the younger was disturbed in such a strange way that we knew it

was not only death to which she referred when recounting her loss. After a time she was brought to confess that in the black dress in which her sister had met her fate, more than four hundred dollars in bills had been sewn.

The story came up because of her nervousness; 'being dressed up in one's own money ain't as safe as it seems,' she said. 'It's all right at night, but it makes me awful nervous when I am about in the daytime.' So she was helped to rip it out and deposit it in a bank, while her poor brain tried to grasp the fact of interest. She would say over and over again, 'Oh, if my sister could have known that money could work for us, I would be richer now.' It was not of riches they were thinking, either of them, when they hoarded; not of life, but of death. A high mass and a decent burial was their goal, and the ordinary comforts had for years been sacrificed to this end.

Whether it is because of age or because of the eternal feminine, we find among them a never-failing interest in matrimony. Those who have been married are proud of it, and those who have not are equally superior. The same argument, 'I knew men,' was used by an old maid and a woman who had buried three husbands. The

latter had been deserted by her last one many times, and had finally been forced to jump out of the window to avoid his cruelty, thereby receiving injuries from which she suffered all her remaining years. But she was always careful to explain that it was natural that some misfortune should have come upon her at this time, because it was the thirteenth time that she had forgiven him, and 'thirteen has always been unlucky with me, like the rest of the world.' After telling her story, she would rebuke any one who expressed pity, adding, 'Remember this. There ain't no man in the world so bad that he's worse than none at all.' This was always said with great emphasis to those of us who had not ventured on matrimony, but we often caught her saying, 'the poor thing,' when we told her of the engagement of one whom she knew.

One would like to give to the world the portrait of our dear poet and philosopher; for she is both, although she has never put pen to paper. She is a true gentlewoman with much of the quality that we see in Whistler's portrait of his mother; but with a kind of strength which that lacks.

She has not borne children, but has within her a universal motherhood, so great that many who

see her speak of her motherliness as an outstanding and first attribute. Her arms were made to gather little ones to her kindly hospitable self and they do so. 'I am not the mother who bore thee, but the mother who reared thee.' Her face has only kindly, gentle lines; but they are many and deep, and her smile is one of benediction as she bends over her flowers or her friends. Her pretty white cap is always as fresh and snowy as her large enveloping apron, and she is never without either when found in her own immaculate little home.

Her three rooms are filled with things of no value save to her; but the whole place speaks of refinement and care. 'Good-bye, and may the good Lord take care of you, dear,' is her farewell, so sweetly given that one hopes to return the very next day. It is only rivalled by her greeting — such a welcome! Often it is accompanied by a clapping of her hands to show her childish delight in the fact that we have come again.

A small child saying, 'Ma wants you,' would divert the current of a rushing day. A dinner party on the other side of town, however, seemed generally to be one of the 'sure things' of life. Putting on a dinner dress gave me a sense of

security — but nothing is *always* so, which would make life uninteresting! In the days when dinner gowns had little trains, one felt particularly set apart when safely hooked into one. But on an evening as I started out, I met a breathless man who said, 'Come, quick! Bridget O'Gorman has gone crazy. Sure, she's off her head entoirely.' Changing my evening wrap for a raincoat, I rushed with him to the house, where I found the doorway blocked by policemen looking greatly troubled. They moved to let me pass, and up I climbed to the tiny tenement, to find Bridget standing perfectly still, contemplating the results of her work. 'The stove was no good at all, so why not build a fire where I could this cold night?' She pointed to a great charred spot on the floor. The voice of a burly officer filled the room as one of her countrymen insisted, 'And now you must come along with me, Miss O'Gorman, and perhaps your friend will like a little ride, too?' 'Sure, we do be taking rides together sometimes, but it wouldn't be this cold night we'd be choosin'!' I took the cue from the officer and assured him that Bridget and I would choose to go with him, but that he must leave us alone while we made ready. She had to put on eleven

skirts, and, as they were all without fastenings, we hunted as many pins. Then she had to wear two waists and two coats, until she was a veritable ragbag. All this took a long time, but was accomplished quietly between the officer's knocks on the door, which always upset and delayed us. At last she was clothed. Then, with feet firmly planted, she announced, 'I *will* have me rights!' 'But where are they, Bridget?' I asked. She looked ready for a fight when I discovered a bunch of keys hanging near. In a moment of inspiration I exclaimed, with assurance, 'Here they are! Isn't it lucky that we found them so quickly?' After hesitating, she looked at me, took them from me, and grasped them tightly in her two hands. We descended the stairs to find the 'hurry-up' wagon awaiting us.

Some idea of courtesy had given me an end seat with Bridget beside me and the two officers opposite us. As we turned the corner, a group of boys recognized me and, setting up a cry that I had been 'pinched,' they followed as rapidly as possible, gathering other of my friends on the way. The fact that we turned away from the police station did not lessen their interest, as they followed us to the City Hospital. The hospital

authorities, after much consideration, decided that they could not admit the patient, since she had to be committed by the next of kin — 'but you would do,' said the man at the desk smiling assuredly into my face as an old acquaintance. 'Anything that she can do is what she is here for, usually,' he said, turning to his assistant. 'Certainly,' I acquiesced hurriedly, remembering for the first time the waiting dinner guests. I signed the book, bade Bridget good-bye, and accepted a ride home. The crowd was waiting as we drove out of the hospital gate, but that their point of view had changed was shown by their relieved cries, 'Oh! She wasn't hurt, after all!' As we drew up to my door, the officer bowed politely and said, 'But sure, indeed, 'twas good of you to go on record as next of kin to Bridget O'Gorman. May the good Lord reward you!'

Our ministrations to the old people were headed up by an annual Christmas party for them, which was talked of all the year and prepared for by us weeks in advance, because it began by delivering invitations in person. Carefully written and gaily decorated they were, to indicate a very unusual party which would include much besides the supper.

These calls gave us rare opportunities to hear of other Christmas festivities, often in foreign lands. We agreed that it was primarily a season of good will and a time for getting together, and those who had not ventured forth for a year save to church were anxious to try it again. Some of them we called our Pattis, because they made so many last appearances, and when their places became vacant the general comment was sure to be, 'But she's better off.' So we did not mourn, but rather learned to welcome the new neighbor or one whose years had finally entitled her to join our party.

One who loves old people provided opera singers in the early years, who sang gentle songs in the grand manner in our little rooms. After a prima donna had reached her high notes by standing on her toes, one of them said, 'Don't stretch yourself for us, dear; we are some deaf, but we can hear you.' They are always very frank, and in later years they expressed a desire to see instead what the children could do. Grand opera thus gave place to children's songs and dances, which brought old age and childhood together as one of the joys of the birthday of the Christ Child.

Adeste Fidelis, which some of them know in

Latin, is always the favorite. After singing this together, we march to the dining-room gay with greens and flowers and candlelight. About the gifts they are quite reticent, pretending not to notice what is beside each plate, but of what is on the plate we talk between mouthfuls. Some one always says that the President of the United States is not having a better supper than ours. A huge cake is borne in decorated with bright candles, and before cutting it we talk of the birthday we have come to celebrate and what it means to us. The ice-cream, that great human leveller, breaks down all barriers, and conversation is general until we repair to the living-room again to hear Irish songs and stories which have been told for years by Mr. John Cronan, of whom it was said by one guest, 'He must have known the Old Boy as well as the Lord himself.' It was she who named her cane ('my third leg') Jack, for the one who through his stories had given her something to laugh at the whole year round. They love fairy tales above all others, and can often match what they are told with another thrilling adventure about the banshee.

One year, when a bedridden friend was in great trouble, we asked the privilege of gathering her

aged neighbors together in her little room. She had had great beauty in her youth, which was not altogether outlived, and her hospitality had always been proverbial. A dozen of us came together about her bed to sing and exchange stories, which were interrupted by a serenade outside her window.

'God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ, the blessed Saviour,
Was born upon this day.'

Other carols followed in quick succession, and in came a little red figure, looking like a holly berry, who announced herself as the Spirit of Christmas. In a pretty speech she introduced the Christmas Angel, who played heavenly strains on her violin, to which we all listened with awe. No word picture can show the glow on those listening faces as the music robbed time of its toll and translated us all from the lowly manger to the triumph.

'Not in the lowly stable
With oxen standing round
We shall see Him, but in Heaven
Set at God's right hand on high.
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.'

'This has blown the cobwebs from my heart,' says one. 'My heart will be singing for many a day,' says another, while wishes pass for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We know fewer old men than women living alone, which may be accounted for in several ways. First, because their personality deviations are less marked in most cases; second, because they do not live so long, and often because of the very fine Home for Aged Men in the district, which gives both indoor and outdoor aid. One often sees the old men who are boarded out 'minding the baby,' their lives richer through this opportunity to be of service and because of the love of little children. An old sailor, who knew neither of these joys, found compensation in building a boat, which completely filled one of the two rooms in which he lived, as in a cabin. He spent his waking hours in lovingly fashioning her according to a lifelong dream. The fact of leading a very busy life saved his reason and sweetened his disposition and, no doubt, prolonged his years.

Among our Jewish neighbors we have never found even a thought of anything but inclusion of the older generation, with great affection shown

under very trying circumstances. Their pride in their ancestors is so real that the question of excluding them from the family circle is not considered, and the family is felt to be incomplete until these old people have been brought over to spend their few remaining years with the struggling relatives on this side of the ocean. The old patriarchal idea persists, and it is common to find four generations dwelling together as a matter of course.

V

DEATH AND POCKET-BOOKS

Not he who has little, but he who wishes for more is poor.
SENECA

ON a very chilly day we were steaming down Puget Sound when we ran into a fog. On going downstairs for our wraps, we met Dr. Samuel Crothers in a narrow passageway. This was his greeting: 'How many there are who rejoice in good that has been accomplished, but despise the means used to bring it about. . . . Billy Sunday.' My friend said that it was a curious meeting, but I had not found it so, and then I began to wonder why. My mind reverted to walks in the settlement neighborhood where I had just such surprises every day — no preliminaries, no conventional greetings, just a shot from one mind to another mind. It has often come back to me — this delightful man, just as simple and direct as my primitive neighbors, although capable of all the subtleties that one can find in a wide range of humor. He skipped what my neighbors, most of them, never had; but the effect was the same. A woman hurrying toward me wheeling a baby-

carriage has no thought of me. 'My Johnny is in the hospital!' or, 'My husband came back to me last night,' is her greeting. This shows a confidence in the fact that our minds can travel together to a point of common interest, because of a past in some way shared.

The lack of vocabulary is often accountable for what may seem hard and unyielding in a statement. One night I was called to the door, where stood a burly Irish police officer. His greeting was, 'Your husband is dead at the City Hospital.' My reply that my husband had died in infancy made no impression and he repeated his announcement. His only comment was, 'Well! He must have belonged to another woman,' and off he went. One wonders whether, when black is black and white is always white, life is reduced to such simple terms that one's emotions, too, are less difficult to manage. Did the woman who received the telegram from one of our well-known institutions, 'Your sister worse bring name of undertaker,' find it harder to bear because of the suggestion implied? We did; but her remark was, 'Ain't they thoughtful!'

An abiding sense of the inevitableness of death and the feeling of distinction, because one of our

loved ones has started on the long journey, are outstanding. Perhaps the almost universal faith in a hereafter, with a heaven into which we can hope to help our dear ones to enter, through prayers and self-sacrifice, does away with the fear of the unknown.

One Sunday afternoon two of our girls in their teens came to call. We talked of other Sunday afternoons, and they pronounced the seventh day of the week 'awful dull.' Inquiry as to what they could find to do brought out the fact that one of their diversions was to walk up and down the length and breadth of the neighborhood hunting for crêpe on the door. When they thus discovered that death had been a visitor, they would at once enter, look at the departed, say a prayer, and pass on to find another bereaved household.

We seldom meet a professional mourner now, but I can remember hearing loud wailing on approaching a tenement where the father had been killed. On entering the room where the body lay, I found the walls lined with men and women all in black who, swaying back and forth and in a kind of languorous rhythm, wailed, 'O Fraley, Fraley, Fraley; O Fraley, Fraley, Fraley,' until the very tones would have drawn tears from even

a disinterested onlooker. The ever-friendly teapot on the back of the stove is overworked, along with several of its brothers and sisters, on such occasions; but the men of the household are a source of anxiety, because those who have 'kept away from the drink for years' often are unable to resist the friendly invitation to quench their thirst in alcohol, in waking a friend. We once had a priest in our parish who made it his business to call and threaten a household in which he could anticipate such trouble and his admonitions, with the promise of reward or punishment, were very effective. He told us that he had been able to exert far more influence in this way during his early days in Ireland, where he had had his first parish.

Again I say that death is constantly in the minds of our Christian neighbors and that it is not always associated with unpleasantness. A letter was received from a dear Irish grandmother announcing the advent of twins in an already full household — 'Say, won't I have the swell funeral, all the grandchildren crying for me?' Another was telling with scorn of her husband, who never went anywhere and knew only her women friends who happened in — 'And I says to him, says I, "How'll it look on the day of your funeral to have

only a lot of women hanging round and never a man to mourn you?"'

A warm little hand was tucked into each of mine as two children walked home with me. 'My Sammy tell me, he say, something awful grand has happened to you; your mother, she's dead! Ain't she?' As I look down, I see only great admiration in the bright eyes. A kindly neighbor beckons from her doorway across the street. 'I'm sorry for your trouble,' is her greeting. 'Was your mother left comfortable?' 'Yes, thank you,' I replied, wondering at the question. 'Well, you know that we all see you ain't in black, and we have said to each other, your neighbors, "If it is because she can't afford it, let's buy her mourning for her, 'cause we know she feels bad and perhaps this would help her to show it!"'

This brings vividly to my mind two very old friends, who always came to our neighborhood parties wearing long crêpe veils. In the memory of the oldest inhabitants they had worn them, and the crêpe and they had grown old and gray together. As the parties wound up to the climax, they both grew more cheerful, and when Mr. Woods bowing in his most dignified way, begged the pleasure of the dance for the Virginia Reel,

the fortunate one would beamingly accept. Then one of us would invite the other friend, and off we would go. The long veils whirled and twirled as they turned their partners and others' partners, and wound their way through the grand right and left as a finish. Very fat they were and very hot and breathless when the dance ended; but they never forgot their courtesy as they murmured, 'Oh! Thank YOU.' Casting a look of satisfaction about her at having had for a partner the 'leading gentleman,' the fortunate one always went home triumphant, conscious of having been the belle of the ball, but knowing perfectly well that it would not be her turn next time.

The anticipation of death, like illness, is an integral part of the economic life of an unskilled neighborhood. Provision for it is on a par with bread and butter and rent. The insurance agent is almost a member of the family. He encourages, threatens, and cajoles; gives advice and criticism freely; and his weekly call is more regular than the pay envelope of the wage-earner. The prospect of a decent burial either for one's self or offspring takes precedence of more immediate necessities, and the quick payment, when the day of reckoning comes, seems almost to justify the

sacrifice made, even to the point of lack of nourishment at times. The effort to prove to the well-to-do neighbors that they are paying for the luxury of a weekly call from an agent, instead of making an annual call themselves at an office, is often in vain. The folksiness of the former method, with the sense of reality given by the weekly collection, to say nothing of the medical advice thrown in, brings comfort out of all proportion to what it costs. 'My insurance man and my undertaker are both coming to our girl's wedding,' was the proud boast of a triumphant mother whose daughter was about to marry her 'boss.'

The question of thrift is not one of expediency as much as one of education, as the results of studies made in this direction in the past twenty years invariably show. It was important to remind ourselves daily that saving and spending are directly related to racial standards and habits. At one time private agencies did much of the education for thrift in the South End, and during the weekly visits the agents discussed budgets and so forth, while they collected the savings which seemed far too small and temporary to justify the use of a savings bank. Saving to *save* and saving

to *spend* are very different, indeed. Most of our neighbors were doing the latter, if they were thinking that far at all. The Home Savings and Stamp Savings Societies were started for this group more than fifty years ago, and the settlements which used this second method of teaching thrift found it invaluable. The stamps used by the latter society were merely a simple method of bookkeeping; a stamp of denomination like the money received was given to the depositor, who pasted it in a book. These stamps had no face value and no record of the amount on these books was kept in the office, which was the one great out about the system. The fact that the money drew no interest made little difference to the depositor, because of the quick turnover. There were a few cases where the five dollars saved were cashed and deposited in a local bank, or, later, in a Christmas savings club or coöperative bank. But these were exceptions. The saving was for flour, or winter coal, or Johnny's confirmation clothes, or Mary's first communion, or shoes for the opening of school when every family must be shod.

Mr. Woods was always a great believer in the instalment plan system, when used with dis-

cretion, and much interested in promoting good laws which could regulate it and make it really available and useful in a community which received its income also on a weekly basis. We often met the collectors of these weekly dues. I remember once knocking many times on a door when I could hear sobs within. Finally I not only knocked, but announced myself. The door was opened at once by a very nervous woman, who exclaimed: 'I thought you were from the credit store, and I could not stand refusing another. I have six men coming each week, to collect a dollar apiece. Everything I have is only partly paid for, even to the plume on my hat.' It reminded the visitor of a man who had called only a short time before, exclaiming, as he burst into the house one snowy day, 'Who will help me? I have signed away everything but my family, and I did not know it.'

The hardest case of this kind I can remember was that of a young girl in her twenties who came and sat with us before the fire, very eager for its comforting warmth. As she warmed her fingers, she told us why she had no coat. Early in the summer she had been in need of a suit, but instead of buying this she had been tempted by a

dollar-down advertisement to invest in a lavender voile dress with a silk lining. It was the day of long dresses, and she had liked both the sight and the sound of it.

> 'When Auntie moves across the ground,
> Her dresses make a curious sound.'

She said that when she put it on she felt like a real lady, and that until she reached the threshold of the factory, she had been able to pretend each day that she was merely out for a leisurely walk. Gradually the delicate dress became soiled and the frail, cheap lining wore out. Now, after owning this, her only dress, for nearly six months, it was still unpaid for. She was obliged to look for work and no one would even talk with her when she was in dirt and rags.

Then there were the Dipskis, who displayed a buffet among other new possessions, and on the top of it rested a large cut-glass punch-bowl. Mrs. Dipski said proudly, 'And so I become American,' as she waved her hand toward the huge piece of furniture, which took an inordinately large place in her small room. The following week the little daughter was seen eating with her fingers at the Club House. On being told to use her fork, she shyly said, 'I don't know how.'

Visions of large, empty drawers in the buffet rose before the questioner when the little girl added that she had never even seen a fork! When walking home with the child, she kept crossing and recrossing the street as she explained, 'You see, I owe that store for my coat and that one over there for my hat, and I don't like to go too near them for fear they'll want 'em off of me!' And this at ten years of age!

Excellent thrift education is now being done by many of the banks of the city. The Government has established postal savings, which are deposited and withdrawn in the local post offices. Christmas savings clubs and vacation savings clubs are much used by our neighbors, and the education of half a century is bearing fruit, so that there is little need for private agencies in the field.

'A dollar broken is a dollar gone' might almost be considered a truism in our neighborhood; for we never practise the small economies of the rich. 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' and like proverbs spread abroad on our stamp books have little meaning for our neighbors. Of course, all of our Irish friends live in the present so very delightfully that sometimes we are persuaded, by

their ready 'I should worry' (meaning, 'I never do'), that life is a short and a merry one. Many a time I have parted from one of these children of Erin in the deepest distress and have lost sleep in trying to plan some way of providing for the family, only to find in the morning that I was the only one who had either worried or lain awake over the difficulty.

After a heavy snowstorm on one sunny, melting day, while calling, I went to a small wooden house, owned by two sisters, each with large families. As I stepped into the hall a cheery voice called from the basement and I heard the queer sloshing noise which always means water in one's shoes. We discussed the wet kitchen and its owner remarked, 'I am praying the good God that the water will not come in so fast as to put the fire out before the beans are cooked. 'Twould be hard on the kids.' Soon her sister appeared from upstairs and she said, looking down ruefully, 'My feet is awful wet,' and then added with a laugh, 'Sure, it's lucky I don't be walking on my head, for then it's water on the brain I would be having, and that would be much worse.' We all laughed together, and during the call the subject was not referred to again.

The person who gets ahead of an Irishman wins his everlasting respect and often his affection. On the contrary, if he gets ahead of some one else, he enjoys the joke just as much as his Jewish neighbor. It is simply human, the kind of satisfaction derived from a good bargain or getting something for nothing. We have never found that meanness is a trait peculiar to any nationality or group of people, and one of our privileges was to learn this lesson together with our Irish neighbors when the Jewish people first came into the neighborhood in any numbers. They had to live down at once the fact that on their advent insurance rates became higher, which sometimes resulted in the raising of rent. The reputed frequency of fires in Jewish neighborhoods was said to justify this.

Gradually we all met at gatherings of our Neighborhood Association, where each was ready to do his part. When it was decided that the annual meeting should take the form of a banquet, we all bought tickets. The Orthodox came and could partake of nothing but the ice-cream, at which we all marvelled. Our feelings were expressed by the woman who said, 'I bet there ain't an Irishman here who would have bought a ticket for a banquet where he could eat nothing

but the fixings and would have paid the full price. No one can ever again say in my presence anything about the meanness of the Jews.' They gradually and quietly wove their way into favor, and when the laying of a new sewer divided one of the streets, there was real mourning over the lack of opportunity for neighborliness between the two temporarily segregated groups.

We all know the real families so often told of in stories who, while needing bread and butter, have had a photograph of father enlarged to hang over the mantel, or have had one of the funeral wreaths waxed to perpetuate the memory of the great occasion. The philosophy underlying this outlook upon life is very real, and often is the same as the sense of humor which makes 'it impossible to down a good Irishman.'

During one week we kept a record of the reasons why people came to call on us, and we found that of forty-one persons who came to the house only two had asked for material aid. The neighbors looked upon the settlement friends as liaison officers when they were in great financial straits, but they did not expect us to give money. We had a small loan fund, which was used over and over again, because of the honesty of those who bor-

rowed. Of course, it was due partly also to the judgment shown in knowing when the occasion warranted a loan rather than a gift. We made a point of never lending money unless there was a very fair chance that it would not impair the self-respect of the borrower; for money lent without hope of return had better be a gift.

In one year twenty-seven persons were helped from our small fund and only one failed to pay up — a man who could have done so. The frank appeal to the borrowers to return the money in order that some one else might be helped always stimulated them to make good. This money was lent for false teeth, layettes, trousseaux, to redeem pawned articles, and especially for tide-over money in times of illness. The feelings of the family, very proud of having no charitable record, were respected, and they were often enabled to 'keep off the books.' In the case of a new family the Confidential Exchange was at once consulted and the records carefully studied through any organization involved. This generally resulted in referring them back to the agency where they were known, with an offer to do our share toward rehabilitation and to give careful friendly oversight. It was a privilege to

watch this kind of coöperation with other organizations grow stronger with the years as the gradual understanding of the part the Settlement could play in case work was made evident.

There were almost no real beggars among our neighbors; but there were a few who made it a profession and found it profitable because of some infirmity. They were so generally self-respecting and upstanding that those who were ready to accept or seek charity are remembered. There was one woman who spent her whole time watching the papers for what she called 'opportunities.' When some one died in the Far West, leaving a large fortune, she wrote one of her best stories to claim a share of it. Her letter was sent to an organization in Boston, which in its turn passed it over to the Settlement, which was across the street from the address given. The woman to this day does not believe that her letter returned to her in any but a supernatural way. At the time that the Mothers' Aid Law was passed in Massachusetts, we suggested that it would be one thing that Mrs. B. would not feel she had any right to. But lo! before a week had passed she came to our door to ask about it and when told firmly that the fund had been established for

widows and fatherless, she actually said, 'Oh, I know, but my husband is as good as dead anyway, and so I think I will apply.'

Funerals were dreaded by us, not only because of the disaster in the breaking-up of the family, but because of the great financial obligations almost invariably assumed at that time. Many undertakers offer to collect the insurance, so learning the exact amount to which they can safely urge expenditure. It is easy for the undertaker, with very little knowledge of psychology, to suggest that it is the last opportunity to do anything for the departed, and that it is no time, therefore, to spare expense. Following on the heels of the undertaker comes the florist with like suggestion and bargains in set pieces, such as 'Our Mother' and 'Our Sister.' For the Roman Catholics there are 'spiritual bouquets' to be purchased at the church. Then comes the owner of automobiles, who suggests that many friends and all the family will wish to ride. With carefully studied respect the dollar-down agent waits their departure before suggesting appropriate mourning. Few families in the freshness of their grief can withstand the strain. I recall an evening with a newly married couple when the very

talkative bride, during most of the call, recounted the glories of the first husband's wake and funeral, which we could both so vividly remember. She concluded by saying, as she indicated her new husband, 'I held him off until I should get it paid for, and on the day of the last payment we went downtown together to get our license!'

During and after the War we watched with interest to see how our young girls would use the large wages which came to them so suddenly. We felt that our part in the state of things was to increase a demand for adequate necessities. This was not easy, because we so often could not come together at all on our point of view. Silk stockings as a necessity were a foregone conclusion, although they stood to another part of the world as the symbol of foolish expenditure; but I remember among the many who bought fur coats the sigh of relief which one girl gave when she said, 'Well, my borrowing is over at last, and next time I look for a job I can do the hunting in my own coat.' A Polish girl has told us that when one of her friends called to take her out for the evening he remarked, as he looked her over, on the fact that she was not wearing fur. She told him that she had other uses for her money, and his reply was, 'Why

didn't you borrow a fur coat to go out with me?'

Many of our neighbors saved to bring their relatives to this country, and we wondered at the patience and imagination shown by men and women who were unable to correspond with those whom they held dear. One of our friends had the money ready to bring her sister from Russia. When we were appealed to, the girl had already reached the coast; but there she had been held up for weeks because of some technical misunderstanding. We wrote letters many and often. Finally the matter was cleared up after the long-suffering brother-in-law had sent nearly three hundred dollars more than had been estimated as necessary. One cold evening the sister was brought to call, and very curious we were to meet her. She was placed before us, well-clothed from head to foot in the latest American fashion. Her mouth was opened in order that we might admire the new gold teeth which had already filled the gap left 'when in Russia a man made a fist at her so.' In spite of it all, the girl looked cross and unhappy, which we attributed to homesickness until we were told that she said she was still not really American because she had not a 'vrist vatch.' All the girls in the tobacco factory where

she had found work had wrist watches and she was outstandingly a 'greeny' because she had not. Her sister was pathetic in her questioning as to whether it was necessary to supply this last finishing touch so early in the game.

We had known one very delightful family quite intimately for many years; but it was only when the oldest son entered college that we learned their full economic history. The father and mother had arrived in New York from Poland as bride and groom more than thirty years before. Their assets were the man's knowledge of tailoring and the family thimble. But they had a fine spirit and great willingness to work. The man's brother had found one room for them, but he was too poor to offer more help than a capital of twenty-five cents. With this they began life in the new world. Their first purchase was an old cloth skirt, which came within their means, from which they quickly fashioned two pairs of boys' trousers. These were sold the following morning for twenty-five cents each. They had doubled their capital. They repeated their good luck, and on the third day they found an old velvet skirt which served the purpose better, because it did not need pressing and would not show, as the others had,

their lack of an iron. These sold at greater profit and enabled them to buy an iron and a cake of soap. After this it was fairly smooth sailing; for they could purchase very soiled, cheap skirts, which the woman washed and pressed, ready for the man to make up. Then a little daughter and a sewing machine were acquired at the same time — both real luxuries. In the year of depression, when all the country was suffering, a son came to bless the home. It was on that day that this couple decided they must begin to save and, in order to do so, that a new way of earning a living must be sought. Relatives wrote them of a small thread and needle store to be had for 'very little down' in the South End of Boston. Through all the ups and downs attendant upon buying a new business, and increasing the family up to six, the couple never failed to save for the education of this oldest son, with the conviction that he in turn would help to educate the younger children. We followed the career of this boy, often being called in for advice and encouragement, and the satisfactions which came through our friendship with this family were very real as we watched some of them attain the fulness of life in other than economic ways.

It has been said that given a five-thousand-dollar woman a man can bring up a family on a one-thousand-dollar income. It was illustrated in this case, where the mother added to her great ability a fine idealism. She was ever reaching toward a goal for each child, while she guided the family life through many difficult paths toward a final clearing. She has held their respect to the end, although she can neither read nor write, and her English, though fluent, is very difficult to understand. As the children grew older, they were proud to take her out with them, and one of the greatest compliments I ever had was when one of the attractive daughters asked me to take her mother's place as chaperon at one of her high-school parties, because of the mother's illness, which was a great disappointment to both of them.

Not only did this remarkable woman bring up her own family well, but she cared for innumerable relatives, both her own and her husband's. She told me of the great expenses incurred in finding husbands for two unattractive nieces. Her own children had found mates in the American way, which she preferred. But on seeing the nieces, she had despaired because of their lack of

charm, and had resorted to a professional match-maker, who had charged her only ten dollars for the younger niece, but oh, so much more for the older one, more than she could really afford. The question had been whether she should buy them both new teeth, hunt them a job, and take a chance of their coming back on her hands, or pay something to marry them off and let the new husbands pay for the new teeth. She showed her usual foresight by doing the latter. But she did not stop there, for with her large-hearted motherliness she helped them to establish their homes in this new world.

When reviewing the virtues of a good husband, we invariably found that the wife included the fact that he brought home his pay envelope unopened. Later, the same would be said in commendation of a working son or daughter.

It brings before us many pictures of good and bad management, secret savings and secret spendings. Sometimes the husband has an allowance and is ready to give his wife a good reason if he has need for more than he is expected to spend.

In the case of boys and girls in their teens, it often seems a hardship to give up every cent and bespeaks a lack of feeling of freedom which is their

compensation for their days of work. This has in some cases caused them to be deceitful. One boy persuaded his employer to seal up in his envelope a certain amount of money long after he had received a second and third raise. He told his boss quite truly that he was banking the difference to surprise his mother. But the apron string was broken, and at midnight, when the boy had been missing for four days, a telegram came from the Middle West, saying that he was dying in a hospital and wanted his family. The mother started at once, but arrived too late. She found a letter telling the story of his saving for these days of 'independence,' and a plan suggesting that the younger brothers be treated differently before it was too late.

The advertiser has now learned that in most families the women are the ones who spend and he knows how to appeal to them. In the early days we did not find Monday a good day to call, because it was busy washing day. But now we know that Monday is bargain day and that a housewife with any shopping to do at all will seize the opportunities offered in the Sunday papers. This tells another whole story of the disappearance of the small thread and needle stores from

the neighborhood. The exodus on Mondays is invariably to the large department stores, which are names to conjure with when displaying purchases.

Eighteen years ago, when taking a large group of mothers on a picnic, our special car was stopped for a few minutes before Jordan Marsh's store. Instantly most of the party were on their feet, peering out to see the famous place for the first time. The stables were in our district and the wagons a familiar sight, but the shop itself was beyond our sphere of faring forth. Now our shopping is city-wide, as we buy in the North, West, and South Ends, as well as what is commonly known as the 'shopping district.'

For those who cannot afford to buy new ready-made clothing, there are in our district the Salvation Army Shop and the store for second-hand clothing run by the Morgan Memorial, with a salvage shop between. These are a rendezvous for many mothers, who pay daily visits, so eagerly do they watch for what may be sent in. Especially do these afford clothing for the younger children of the family, which, of course, releases more money for the older ones, who must look well-dressed in order to keep their jobs. In many of

our families the mother, father, and small children are clothed from the second-hand stores, and much furniture is purchased there. In these days when clothing is less expensive and more easily passed on by the rich, the residuum is better and better. The result is not bad when the salvaging corps of some of our charitable institutions have done their work upon them. A Ukrainian widow has demonstrated for years what can be done with these hand-me-ons, and now, with a daughter in trade school, we can detect the added touch of her skill in the rebirth of their coats and dresses.

During the War, when our tailors were all idle and the families suffering in consequence, various methods were tried to utilize their abilities. Clothes were made by them to be sent abroad, and occasionally money was given us to have a suit made for some one whom we saw was in need.

We had long known a very fine woman of forty who, after losing her own and two stepfathers, was the sole support of her mother. She had told us that she had never worn a piece of apparel made for her originally. We bethought ourselves of her, and, summoning all of our tact, offered her an opportunity to have a suit made 'first hand for

me,' as she liked to say. I shall never forget our visit together to the tailor shop where I was to help choose the material, which finally was a dark broadcloth 'made plain with ladylike lines.' In it she looked tall and slender and almost distinguished, while she unconsciously assumed an added dignity born of her knowledge that she was at last well dressed.

Like Elisha, not only the mantle but the spirit had descended upon her. Her clothes had not been quite good enough for some one else, which was what had justified their being passed on to her. Could she or any of the hundreds like her have used them to smite the waters to make a safe way in this world?

Used clothing to give to our neighbors has always been perhaps the most embarrassing of all our benefactions. It seemed necessary to do some educational work with the donors, who in all good faith sometimes sent soiled and spotted garments. Cleanliness is an art and a luxury and often cannot be acquired because of lack of skill or lack of means. It is one of the most difficult things in this world to remove stains from colored clothing, and it takes endless time and patience. Even Lady Macbeth found her imprecations hopeless

when she exclaimed, 'Out, damnéd spot!' 'But if I could have cleaned it, I would not have given it away,' is followed by a decided 'No,' when asked if the recipient should be expected to use it in this condition.

One way to deal with this was to have the clothes pass directly from one wearer to another with a personal relation established, which at once raised the standard of what was given.

Every spring and autumn we celebrated this feast of the passover with our neighbors, until rummage sales, so ethically sound, came to claim the cast-off clothes and to educate the giver through pride to a higher standard, because in a way they bring about 'airing one's linen in public.'

VI

'MOMENTOUS TO HIMSELF AS I TO ME'

> Every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood should be approached always in the full sense of his or her personal dignity. It is this kind of approach which infuses moral significance into every phase of the House, including even more particularly those which seem to have to do with the lighter gaieties of life.
>
> ROBERT A. WOODS

PERHAPS one of the first lessons to be learned by a new resident in undertaking duties at South Bay Union (our Club House) was respect for each individual. There is that in many women which makes them wish to lay hands on a child. It may be an expression of the maternal instinct or it may be only a way of allowing one's self to feel flattered — a personal satisfaction which brings no lasting reward. The laying on of hands may be a benediction, as we know, but the time and place must be well chosen. Our most successful worker with girls through the years was the one who understood this. Because of her great respect for the individual and her expectation that the same regard would be shown her in return, her example was soon followed by the children and

the other workers, and it resulted in a finer spirit of freedom and responsibility for the best than we had known. The natural reserve and dignity of a child when recognized and respected may increase gradually, help him through the difficult years of adolescence, and tide him over many hard places as life goes on.

The joys of personal relationships are so great that one is often tempted beyond wisdom to overdo this and, in the desire to develop the special personality, to overlook some of the larger means provided for just this purpose, through which every person must make his contribution and obtain his reward.

'There are some good results that can be got only by the edge-tools of personal touch and neighborly intercourse. There are other good results that can be secured, even in a local neighborhood, only by the powerful machinery of large and general organizations. The fullest and best results come only when both lines of attack are followed up in unison.' And then, Mr. Woods added, 'we must use the persuasive power of love.

It is natural for some of us to try to create a personal loyalty, the weakness of which is obvious

when for some reason propinquity ceases. On the other hand, there is the kind of loyalty in the group which can be enforced by a strong executive or is inherent in a powerful organization such as that of our public schools.

The settlement club house has a special opportunity to deal within its walls with people in what Lord Moulton has called 'the domain of Obedience to the Unenforceable.'

'I don't have to obey you,' exclaimed a difficult child who had recently come to us. She was greatly surprised to have the Club leader reply, 'No. Of course you don't; but together we have agreed to certain rules of loyalty which we mean to carry out, have we not?' 'Who will make us do it?' 'No one. We just have to want to do it ourselves.' 'Then that makes us both bosses, doesn't it?'

It was interesting to teach etiquette on this basis as something unenforceable, but built upon great consideration for others and coming from the heart. We met with great courtesy from our neighbors and learned many a lesson from them while accepting their hospitality, which come back to me in a series of pictures.

There is the visit in the family of a Jewish

Rabbi, where we had been asked to call to meet the father and where we sat with the mother in the kitchen one morning to await his appearance. After extending a warm welcome, she had gone into the adjoining bedroom from which she and a man came forth. It was obvious at once that this was not the moment for greetings and the woman engaged me in conversation while the man in his shirt-sleeves performed his morning toilet at the sink, which I was facing. After much splashing and then careful combing of hair and beard, he left the room. When he finally reappeared, wearing his tall hat and long frock coat, he came forward slowly and offered his hand so absolutely in the part that it was hard to believe that one had not to remember lines and cues. Perhaps they came subconsciously as we thought again that 'All the world's a stage.' We talked of his life in Russia and the sacrifices that had been made by his family to give him an education, and learned that he was such a great Hebrew scholar that he had been summoned to Harvard College more than once to settle some points of difference among the students of ancient languages.

Another picture is that of a small room, long, and so narrow that with guests seated at the

table it is impossible for one to walk around it. It was there that we gathered with Mr. and Mrs. Woods as guests of a most hospitable neighbor, who longed to prove to us what a good cook she had been when, in her own country, she had 'made' Italian food. The table, decorated with gay paper napkins and bright paper flowers and bottles of red and yellow tonic, groaned under mounds of dark bread spread with sweet fresh butter. At each place we found steaming soup with an egg floating in it. Our hostess flitted like a bird feeding her young from the source of supplies to the nest. Each time a plate was approaching emptiness, she would urge more food, and as she appeared at the door with a fresh supply and a broad smile she would ask, 'Can you no eata more? You no like.' So it was through soup, chicken, macaroni, and salad until we came to the very sweetest of sweets and coffee, all punctuated with remarks about the wine, 'I maka myself in this verra house, Missa Woods, I know no alcohol is in, 'cause I no put it in — only grape and sugar.' All the utensils for the meal were inadequate and there were long waits while the dishes were washed. Occasionally we found that we were not all busy with food at the same time, and after

urging our hostess to sit down with us, we became suspicious of a lack of chairs as well as helpers. Her husband trailed after her as a shadow, uttering never a word until the end, when he lifted up his voice to propose a toast to 'Missa Woods and all the fine people at South End House.' With all their activity there had been so much poise and such utter ignoring of things as they were that we had a sense of hospitality without limitation not at all borne out by actuality.

This suggests a wedding feast in a house where there was plenty of everything but room. We received such a warm welcome as is given to distinguished guests and went through a series of formal introductions. 'And this is the Father who married them,' says the fond mother, 'and this is our doctor.' 'Pleased to meet you and serve you at any time.' 'And this is our undertaker.' 'May I say the same ter you.' But suddenly darkness descends and the same rich Irish voice goes on to say, 'And will some koind gentleman lend me a quarter for the metre, and will the one nearest the kitchen door koindly drop it in?' All this was but the work of a few moments when, utterly ignoring the circumstance, everything proceeded as before.

We had sent bright flowers hoping to add to the gaiety of the occasion, suggesting that they might find a place on the table; but as we were led to the kitchen, where the feast was spread, our hostess explained that she had used a bowl of fruit instead because she did not believe in putting with food 'anything that was not in the food line.' She did not realize, as another neighbor said, that 'we eat with our eyes too.' We sat with our backs close to the kitchen range when in a few minutes the kettle began to boil, pouring forth steam which slowly caused a stream of water to run down the back of my best dress. We were packed in so closely that one of the men remarked that he felt like a bookmark in the family Bible, and there was nothing to do but to stay, offsetting the warm bath with servings of ice-cream, until all were satisfied and the group as a whole rose to make room for others. It was not only the neighbors who were able to stand on their dignity, we thought, as with dripping back and smiling face we fled to a cool home and dry clothing.

Through the many years of close friendship with a family, we felt that the mother had something on her mind which arose between us each

time that a new little one came to the home. But it was when the oldest children began to attend Sunday School that she came to see us one day and announced, 'My conscience has waked up!' She had at last discussed it all with her husband and they had agreed for peace of mind and for the sake of the family that the ceremony must be performed. So after ten years of living together they were to be married. One of our residents was to officiate, as the law allowed, and the license was properly procured at City Hall.

As the evening drew near, we tried to find just the appropriate note to strike and wondered how really to acknowledge the happiness of the event without undue joy in the belated celebration. Of course, there must be no publicity and only the necessary number of witnesses, who had to be included in the secret. As we pondered, the doorbell rang and a man brought in the usual case of lovely dolls dressed for our Christmas tree by the girls of Bradford Academy. There was the wedding party complete! Sixty pairs of bright eyes, sixty pink-cheeked, happy little faces, all ready for anything pleasant that might occur, dressed in their Sunday best, both boys and girls. With every confidence that no matter what might hap-

pen their expression would show neither shock nor surprise, nor too great interest, they were seated in rows on sofas and chairs, their gay clothes transforming our little room into the semblance of a flower garden.

Had the wedding been held in the cathedral, it could have had no greater solemnity. As the man and his wife sat down with us for refreshments after the ceremony, they included the whole wedding party in a wondering gaze as he quoted thoughtfully, 'They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; neither speak they through their throat . . . but we will bless the Lord from this time forth and forever more.' So he bore testimony to his knowledge of the Psalms learned when a child in a Scotch Presbyterian Sunday School.

When the family woke on the following morning, each child found a doll on the bed, sent by the Settlement ladies who had been visited the night before. The children wondered why they were always told to be especially careful of those dolls, just as though they were more precious than their other playthings.

One more picture has for a background a Jew-

ish wedding, a really grand wedding, to which we had been bidden by a beloved family who had assured us that it was to be 'dressy.' We gathered with other friends hours before the ceremony was to take place, as is the custom. The bride and groom were properly congratulated and many acquaintances were greeted. There had been light refreshments and much dancing before we were summoned to join the grand march to the synagogue, an adjoining hall in the same building. It was at that moment that Mr. Woods was asked by the bride's mother please to wear his hat. Without the slightest hesitation he descended to the check-room and reappeared wearing a small cloth cap, the only one amid many, many 'stovepipes.' With great dignity he offered his arm to his wife and they joined the procession with no apology nor change of expression. It was simply one more due to pay to lack of knowledge of the ways of our neighbors, and it was carried off with such seeming unconsciousness that no one thought of criticising what in a lesser person would have been unspeakably funny. It was made possible by years of mutual respect.

VII

COOLING OFF

> Human nature demands change as surely as it demands food, and it cannot rest in any monotony.
>
> CANON BARNETT

SOME one has said that weather has no place in the city, but certainly temperature plays a large part in the life of city dwellers. Summer in the city is a hideous monster which must be met, wrestled with, and conquered each day. Its fiery breath dries up our streets and grass, heats the bricks of our houses, relaxes our bodies and standards, and adds to our dirt and vermin. Odors lurk in every corner to come forth and challenge us to clean up, flies cover everything, babies fret, older children run away, and mothers become cross. The fathers are the least affected by it if they are regularly employed.

Twenty years ago the South End had not learned how to meet the summer as its master. To be sure, the working members of the family had holidays in many instances, but they were generally negative from the family point of view, standing for cessation from work rather than a constructive playtime. Country week was offer-

ing to send children 'who needed it' away from the city and they and the parents were to be persuaded of their need.

The gradual education of our neighbors to realize that provision should be made for outings as a preventive measure is a long and interesting story. Only when South End House acquired a vacation place of its own, a sixty-acre farm twenty miles out of the city, did this really begin. The same process of upbuilding in self-respect as that through which the District Nursing Association and other health organizations have gone was used, and great patience was needed to obtain even partial results toward paying their own way in the early years.

There were those who considered it a privilege to send the children away under supervision and so to have some rest at the home end. But the other side of this — and there always is another side — was the difficulty of paying the board of more than one child at a time, which resulted in the selection of the child who was least able to bear the summer in the city. This made us feel that the presence of a nurse was necessary at the vacation house. So it was used more curatively than we wished during the early years; but as the

educational work continued and more provision was made in other ways for such children, we began to work out our salvation in a better way, beginning in the spring with physical examinations.

The reason given for these tests was the constructive thought that one must be well enough to enjoy a vacation. 'Oh! Only my sister goes away in our family. She goes to the school for the pale face children.' 'Yes, but she is not well enough to go to the farm so she has to go there.' The holiday idea grew until it has become a neighborhood tradition and it has taken a large place in the preventive work to insure neighborhood health.

A boy of four rushed in one day during the girls' examination, saying that he must be ''xamined' because he wished to be a caddy master. The doctor in amusement told him to open his mouth and said, 'You can never be a caddy master while you have a bad tooth like that.' The child disappeared and was forgotten until, just as the clinic was over, he rushed in breathless and smiling to the doctor, opened his mouth, and showed that the condemned tooth was missing. He had been to the Dispensary, had had it removed, and returned triumphant.

The plan of having city boys go to the country to act as caddies under careful supervision was first tried by South End House. The idea grips even the younger brothers who live to go, too, when their day comes. After seeing a large group of boys start for the mountains from our Club House, I discovered two very pitying-looking little ones watching me. 'Well! What are you thinking about so sadly, Johnnie?' 'We was thinking that no matter how big you are you can never, never be a caddy boy!'

One morning we waked to find ourselves in possession of a vacation house for older girls on Cape Cod. The unit is small, but the preservation of a semblance of family life as far as possible makes the housekeeping a part of the day's pleasure for each holiday-maker. Real pride in all that the house possesses, inside and out, and equal jealousy for its reputation among those who dwell in the same small town give the whole situation an almost unbelievable dignity. Many lessons in home-making are learned, not the least of which is an appreciation of the spiritual qualities necessary for a group of people to live together happily, and a sense of the value of the social amenities, which help so much, comes to these young peo-

ple for the first time. Many a city home has gradually raised its standard because of guided and well-thought-out vacations.

'My Mollie take her toothbrush? Sure, she don't have one. I went to a lecture about teeth and on the way home I bought a toothbrush and paste for the children; but when they got fussy on me and wanted one apiece I could not afford it.' How different that is now when every school child makes an annual visit to the Forsyth Dental Infirmary!

Sometimes it is wise to break up the family in order to rest every member of it and to make a precious reunion possible. On the other hand, one remembers with an ache the European Sundays where whole families are to be seen going forth for an outing together and seemingly to the greater enjoyment of every one. There is not enough of this in our country.

A small cottage on the farm gave us an opportunity to experiment with housing one family at a time in the country, while we did all that we could to further trips to the parks and ponds and beaches so easily within reach of every one in town.

In summer there are always the beaches which

make gentle women into anxious mothers, and quiet daughters into bright butterflies. The amount of money spent is out of all proportion to what the girls earn. Given that kind of temperament, a girl will sometimes part with her whole week's earnings in one evening, boasting that she has not missed trying every 'amusement' at least once. Besides these there are dance-halls and the road-houses, all so naturally tempting to the young people who cannot practise this most beloved and natural 'art' under more favorable auspices. One warm evening in July, I went to the shore with a group of young women, thinking to sit on the sand and cool off while watching the moonlight on the water. As we wandered slowly up the beach, I suddenly found myself quite alone. We had stopped before a dance-hall and the girls had slipped in as a matter of course. I followed slowly and, while standing inside the door trying to discover my companions, I was caught in the arms of a large man and whirled about. As soon as I could collect myself and get my breath I said, 'Who are you?' To which he replied in great surprise, 'What does that matter?' It was an introduction to public dance-halls, of which we were to learn so much in com-

ing years. By way of urging a party at a new road-house one of the boys described the place by saying, 'It is like our Club House. It is a place where you get introduced.'

After several days of great heat, as we walked down the Avenue one afternoon a group of women fell on their knees on the sidewalk, raised their hands, and in broken English begged for help in their suffering. We were able to provide ice in a large pan, which we broke into small pieces and gave to those who needed it, making a little go a very long way. Later in that summer and for many following, one of our good friends gave us an ice fund, which was used with great ingenuity. Now most tenements have ice-boxes and the city, because of careful presentation of the need by those who know, has provided more drinking-fountains in the district.

One great excitement in the summer is when the firemen connect the great hose to a hydrant. The news travels like wildfire and children frolic in the stream of water with cries of joy, while the adults are not averse to a good wetting which they pretend is purely accidental. During these hot days the city bathhouses are patronized beyond belief, giving hundreds of baths to those of

every age. The showers tempt them to shampoo as well and cause them to go back and forth on the street in various states of negligee. The men and boys have the bathing privileges four days in the week and the women and girls but two.

Professor Gilbert Murray said in a speech made at the first International Conference of Settlements that ideal international relations would really be brought about only through 'doorstep salvation.' This is perhaps the greatest opportunity that the summer affords — open doors, windows, and hearts; minds relaxed and receptive; no thought of time; no appointments; and a sort of acquiescent friendliness which gives one opportunities. To dress in one's coolest, freshest gown and fare forth to find that all the Jewish families have moved onto the sidewalk; to be offered the easiest and most comfortable rocker and sit with one's feet on the burning bricks and so to 'watch for father,' to welcome him and learn the latest bit of news about the temperature and work; to move on a few steps and join a family sitting with their shoes off and feet in the gutter, where runs a sickly stream of water left by the passing city sprinkler; to drink a glass of 'tonic' from a shop behind or suck an ice-cream

cone while discussing the objective of to-morrow's picnic or the progress made by the window-box is only to lead the conversation to the home across the water and to how much of the best of it has been transported. 'Oh! It was so different in Warsaw in the summer, for there we had a park,' said a Polish mother, looking wistfully at her large family. The next day she and they filled our beach wagon and were taken to green fields and shady places. 'Oh! I did not know of beauty like this in America! I would not have been so homesick if I had known it was here, and all of my older children had to grow up without it. When my son gets to be the President, he will see that every one in this country knows of what is here for all the people!' 'Can your son be President?' 'Oh, yes! My husband is a citizen and my Solly was born here.' A voice came from a form which had rolled down the grassy hill to our feet, 'Ma, I ain't going to be President, I'm going to be a fireman.' 'Ah!' she says, 'in this country one has such dreams. It is for money! It is for power.' But as we lie on our backs looking up at the soft blue sky, it is not of money or of power that we are thinking.

'Next week, if you will come, we will bring the

Armenian family from upstairs in my house and the Austrians across the street and perhaps the Chinese lady with five children, who has lost her husband.' Yes, her missionary spirit had been awakened and she wished to spread the good news that 'you can have the country and rest and safe play for the children for a ten-cent car fare.'

Thus our international parties became a reality, and as they grew each week we felt justified in appealing to the Elevated Railroad for a special car to be run direct to Franklin Park each morning at ten-thirty to return at four in the afternoon. This was provided on condition that the car would always be reasonably full. One mother was appointed chairman for each week's party, for which she took the responsibility and gave the invitations. Whole families learned to know each other and to respect each other, and to realize that by making an effort together we had shared the spirit's community of interest.

Women's clubs in a cosmopolitan neighborhood offer another opportunity for these intimate contacts, which bring about understanding. When asked the object of their club, one member said, 'A happy time, of course.' On the way to this goal we find much in common and many very in-

teresting differences. As one of our clubs, which had been largely Irish, began to admit Jewish mothers, we decided, as a start, to have our holidays interpreted. We invited to our December meeting a woman who could tell simply and beautifully the story of the Christian Christmas and another who had a knowledge and deep appreciation of the Jewish 'Feast of Lights' or 'Chanucah.' All listened quietly and eagerly and expressed gratitude for the better understanding. One member said: 'I have lived between two Jewish neighbors, one under me and one over me, for a long time, and I thought I was the jelly in the sandwich, but now I am not at all sure of that. All their customs which seemed queer to me have been explained. They ain't notions, they are reasons!'

One of a visiting group of young mothers who were being entertained by another younger club was heard to say, 'We don't have such good times at our club, for we can't seem to find anything in common.' 'Oh, pshaw!' came the reply, 'that's probably the matter with you. Now we get together on our differences.' This statement was proved during the evening when representatives of eleven nationalities made their contribution to

the entertainment by doing something which they had learned in their own country, often dressed in their native costume. We call these our mutual admiration evenings, so enthusiastic is each member about the accomplishments of the others. Sometimes even the food is distinctly of the country from which the refreshment committee has come. They are always proud of what they can prepare and we all taste it, after which there is a busy exchange of recipes; but one thing admits of no discussion — all real parties must include ice-cream, that blessed common denominator of the U.S.A.!

VIII

HOUSING AND THE OLD SALOON

> Once a citizen begins to individualize those who live near, he cannot help being interested and concerned about their lives and fortunes.
>
> *The Settlement Horizon*

THE South End was at its height as a popular residence district in 1856 and remained so for about fifteen years; but it just escaped being the court end of the town even in its best days.

We have always been faced with the fact that an ordinary dwelling-house designed for one family makes for three families extremely undesirable tenements, partly because of the limited sanitary arrangements. Of these made-over houses we have very many, and they are likely to be a problem for years to come. There are a few tenement houses, which were built for the purpose, and which were considered model at that time, and we have watched some less desirable ones disappear.

Perhaps the most obvious limitation of our work has been the inability to raise the standard of housing in our neighborhood. In coöperation

with other agencies the South End House has given a great deal of time and thought to housing. The residents have served on committees and have organized groups of neighbors to consider a goal toward which we might work together, and we have done our share in legislative work whenever a bill has been introduced which touches upon this great problem. There has been some improvement, but again and again we return to face the fact that we cannot win our battle against some of the immorality which we see about us until society is ready to insist that every family has the opportunity through adequate housing for decent family life.

One of our difficulties has been the absentee landlord, making it necessary to deal with agents, but since the War hundreds of houses in the South End have been purchased by the occupants because of constant raising of rents. This desire to own property is also somewhat due to the change in the nationality of the population. It seems as natural for Syrians and Armenians to acquire real estate as for the Jews to do so. Generally speaking, the Irish do not care to invest in this way, or, if they do, they seek a newer two- or three-family house, of which there are thousands in the out-

lying districts. Our cheap, inadequate housing is at the root of the fact that the South End is a passageway from landing place to kingdom come.

One of the first signs of an increased income is restlessness, and it is the fate of the Settlement to see those who have developed some initiative and leadership seek better housing, which means that they leave the district, moving into one of the districts less congested, and with newer buildings just beyond the heart of the city — an area, called by Mr. Woods, 'the zone of emergence.' This move indicates the ability to pay not only higher rent, but also car fares for such members of the family as work; for the South End is the limit of walking distance from most of the jobs in the city proper. A regular progression seems to have been established for families as they rise in the world — from the North End and West End to the South End, Roxbury, or Dorchester, and then, perhaps, Brookline.

It has often been disheartening, after helping to develop leadership so desirable for growing community life, to see the leaders move on, leaving a place for another family, with which we begin all over again. On the other hand, we rejoice with those who do rejoice, and find ourselves spending

long hours away from the South End to gain fresh encouragement when we call on our friends who have taken this next step. The new dignity of the better setting is treated as a matter of course, which one hesitates to disturb by exclamations of surprise or pleasure in the new environment.

It was often our privilege to create a wholesome discontent in families where lack of ambition was keeping them all on a level, or to discover, as Wells says, the 'unstretched faculties of the worker.' We were justified in doing this only when we had convinced ourselves that there was enough latent power in different members of the group to justify 'starting something.' Great care had to be exercised not to urge them to live beyond even their potential means. We learned what the people always knew — that to move is often to turn over a new leaf. Sometimes just to go from one tenement to another in the same house is a help in 'turning.' So our plan with a family often found this a starting-point. For instance, in a group of houses having one hundred and forty-nine tenements, fifty-one tenants moved in one year, and seventeen families did not leave the block at all. We talked this over, and

learned that to move is often the only way to get a landlord to do his part. He will generally paint and repaper for a new tenant, while he will do nothing for one who is staying on.

Ignorance of the building laws and of the Board of Health regulations is responsible for some of our poor housing, as the tenants do not know what they can demand. This became so clear that we felt it important to have a demonstration, so we rented a three-room tenement opposite our Club House, the rent of which was paid by members of the Women's Municipal League, who were very much interested in the experiment. We chose an unspeakably dirty place, greatly out of repair, and then told the landlord what we intended to do. He said it would be good business for him, and gradually became coöperative. With our neighbors we cleaned and painted and surprised some of them who had never seen paint washed when it was to be painted afterwards, and they were thus able to account for the grayness of their freshly painted kitchens. Members of our oldest women's club helped to get the place in order, and we had a committee of three women of three nationalities to choose the furniture, for which we had very little to spend. Other mothers

made the bedlinen, curtains, towels, and dish-cloths, and some of the fathers put up curtain poles, improvised chests out of packing-boxes, and so forth, while the children always had suggestions, which were carried out in many instances.

In each room notices were posted stating the relation of landlord to tenant, as, for example, what they could expect in the way of light and sanitary arrangements. It was rumored that we had been able to require the landlord to whiten the well up above the first floor, which so lighted the kitchen that it was possible to do without artificial light in the daytime; that garbage receptacles and barrels for ashes had been provided; and that the cellar had been cleared of the rubbish, which had been accumulating for years. Partitions had been raised down there, too, and locks and keys provided, so that it was possible to house at least a quarter of a ton of coal at a time instead of being obliged to keep bags of fuel in the kitchen.

All the tenants in the house agreed to take turns in seeing that the front door was dusted and the steps washed, and to be responsible for the cleanliness of one stairway. One family moved

out 'because we cannot keep the pace,' they said, while the rest rejoiced, but feared that their rent would be raised. One result was that we were able to establish the right relation to landlords in the minds of our neighbors up and down the street, who had pretty generally feared them, often because affairs were handled by agents, some of whom found it easier to pose as ogres than to repair the property.

During those days we called in at a near-by house to find a woman who lived on the top floor lying in bed under an umbrella, which protected her and her twenty-four-hour-old baby from the leaking roof. 'But, they tell me, that when I am on my feet again, I will not be afraid to ask the landlord to mend the roof; for the tenement in the Avenue is teaching us all that tenants have rights.'

Our little experiment in housing provided a text for many a long conversation with landlords, whom we made a point of seeing to tell of our experience and of our faith that interested tenants made good tenants and raise the value of property. At the end of four months five of the houses in the block were undergoing some kind of repair and remodelling.

We had open house both afternoon and evening, where a wise, practical, comfortable resident acted as hostess and educator. She was a real home-maker with a rather unusual faculty for making any rooms attractive. It was soon so cosy that the mothers asked to meet there to learn to sew and cook and 'just to talk housekeeping things over.' They often dropped in with mending, babies, and problems, and found a willing listener, who could make practical suggestions, which required very little imagination, and for that reason commended themselves to all. 'We could have our homes just like this, if we would take the trouble,' and many of them did.

In my early days in the South End I had watched a woman emerge from a first-floor tenement each morning to empty every undesirable thing into the gutter. The family were newcomers, Russian Jews, with all the earmarks of the peasant. We always pay our first call without an interpreter, as we can get very far without language, especially if it is a tête-à-tête. On entering the rather dark room, a Millet picture met my eyes. In a circle on the floor sat the mother and her four children, who were watching the steaming bowl in their midst so intently that they did

not hear me. The mother had looked up and nodded when I knocked, but then, as if not interested in the visitor, she quietly turned and continued to feed her little brood. This she did by dipping a long-handled spoon into the bowl and giving to each in turn until it was emptied. After accomplishing her task, she rose and stood before me in bare feet with her hair hanging and an air of complete relaxation. It was I who wondered what to do next, and she waited for her cue. Just then her husband appeared with a kind, wide smile, which I learned he always wore, but which that day seemed to me to offer friendly welcome. He did not add any knowledge of English to the situation, but I saw at once how he supported his family. He was a man in a sandwich, wearing before and behind frames filled with glass to which, with a queer, gurgling noise, he called attention. Then leading me to a window he pointed to a broken pane and with pride made me understand that he could replace it from his store.

Eight years later this family owned the house in which they lived, and had both a bathroom and a piano. While we were having our demonstration tenement, mentioned above, the glass vender became our landlord, and was very coöperative,

indeed, often making suggestions, of which we could not have thought ourselves, from his own experience. When he and his family moved, they had made a real and lasting contribution to better housing in our district.

Sometimes, when the children of a family go forth to earn, they feel that the still young mother is 'just staying round home.' 'We knock our mother 'round something awful since we've gone to work,' was the quiet remark of a young Russian girl of seventeen. Then she went on to say that she and her father and brothers and sisters all gave of their earnings to the household while 'mother just lives off of us.' She was persuaded to sit down with pencil and paper to count up the probable cost of laundry, mending, and cooking which was the mother's contribution, and her surprise was great when she added up the column. 'I am going home to show this to the family at once,' she said, and the result was a different spirit in that household.

Having witnessed an accident, it fell to my lot to attend court because the husband of the injured woman had sued the railroad for five thousand dollars for loss of services. After going over the case, the judge asked the man to answer a few

questions. 'How much do you pay your wife when she is well?' 'Pay my wife? I don't pay her nothing. She is my wife.' 'But you expect the railroad company to pay you five thousand dollars for the loss of her services?' 'Yes. I expect them to pay it to me, not to her.' The case was lost, but the neighborhood discussed it for weeks, especially on the basis of what a wife's work was actually worth to her husband in dollars and cents.

When we talk with little children in registering new families each autumn for our group work, we find the common reply from the children, 'My mother don't work.' One little child replied to the question about her father's occupation, 'He looks for work.' As we learned to know, this particular family situation was just that. The poor, tired mother slaved to bring up her large family, while her husband looked for work from Monday to Saturday, and then, as she said, 'He stays home and rests over the week-end.'

Intimacy with life in the saloon bred such disgust with what happened there as to make it almost impossible to bear. For fourteen years we women residents lived opposite a typical and popular saloon on a fairly narrow street. From the

vantage-point of my bedroom windows I not only commanded the entrance, but could see across to the bar. I used to claim that I could mix drinks in my sleep, which was no idle boast; for after a watch with an anxious wife until the hour of closing, it was not unlikely that the vigil would extend to my dreams. Many a tragedy of wedded life and unrewarded parenthood could be witnessed from that window, with all the horrible reality of human suffering and wrongs. There were no high-lights, and no mitigating circumstances, although the place inside was cosy and warm, and there was much effort to keep it clean. Bread and cheese and toilet privileges were 'free with a glass of beer,' and many a teamster stopped there during the day. In the winter a hot dish was advertised at noon, and very savory it was, judging from the odor. Around six o'clock, when those same men and all their brothers were on their way home from work, the pint of beer or glass of whiskey was poured just outside the door to lure the passers-by, and many a man, whose other senses could be held in check by reason and will power, was lost when the sense of smell was appealed to.

Because of the effect upon family life we talked

about alcohol and the saloon quite freely, and often had reason to discuss it with the police. The captain in our district was never too sympathetic with the men and women who 'could not leave drink alone.' Upon my telling him of a neighbor who every night as he walked home had to pass ten saloons and therefore ten temptations, he remarked that ten Pater Nosters or Ave Marias would get him by if he was a good churchman. A man who could use his religion in this practical way was a great ally, and many a human problem we worked on together in what he now calls 'the good old days.' He does not want to see the saloon return. I have yet to find the man who does, but the job of enforcing the prohibition law is not an enviable one.

Women seldom bought liquor at 'our' saloon, but the 'best accommodations for ladies' was the boast of one on the farther corner of our block. Many women passed our door on the way to this, wearing the popular shawl to cover the queer bulge on the side and a hangdog look or an air of braggadocio, which was even more awful to see. During the years before 1920, it became more and more unpopular to 'work the growler,' but some women felt obliged to purchase the supply of

beer, which their husbands would consume each evening with their dinner, although they scorned to drink it with them.

The abolition of the saloon changed the place of women in the home. Many a man came to know his wife and children for the first time. 'With nowhere to go but out, and nowhere to come but back,' an evening at home has little competition. The wife can claim her turn out without causing great sacrifice. Many a man came to realize that he could make a contribution to the general happiness by his presence in his home. One of our clubs of young mothers is really based on the expectation of one evening a week, when father is at home with the children, and it alternates with the movies in regular attendance. Sometimes the whole family close the house and go to the movies one evening a week. A great deal of happiness has come in this way, for besides the fun of all going out together, it enriches the intercourse through providing a common experience. These are few enough as life is managed now. 'Their tastes and their pleasures divided people of different ages. What can unite them is ideas, impersonal interests, liberal arts. Without these they cannot forget their mutual inferiorities,' says Santayana.

We remember the story of a child who did not know her father by sight until she was nine or ten years of age. He was at home very little, excepting to sleep, because his leisure was spent in the saloon with his friends. In telling us of it, the child, now a mother, commented on the difference in this day, to the advantage of the present.

IX

MARY STRONG AND THE MUSIC SCHOOL

> Woman's business 'is not to scorn the cabbage, but invest it with a rose motive.'
>
> LeBaron Russell Briggs

We of South End House liked to feel pledged to our neighborhood 'in its entirety.'

Mr. Woods's comment was: 'We find from time to time in very practical ways that it is a bad thing for the health of the city to have blind alleys. It is a still worse thing for the morals of the city to have blind alleys of human relationships. It is the prime object of the Settlement to penetrate through every cul de sac.' In the year 1914 he wrote: 'A fresh application of this logic is just being made in the opening of a small center from which Miss Strong will, by a varied, friendly approach, come close to the difficult sanitary and moral problems of a particularly bad series of back streets.'

In 1911, when searching for a home in which to start our Music School, we had discovered a small white wooden house set back from the

street between two tall tenements, a picket fence before it and a tree to guard it.

When the school needed larger quarters, this little house became available for other purposes, and Mary Strong, who had for several years been loved as a member of the Women's Residence Group, moved over to become its gracious hostess.

Keen interest attached to this new venture whose function was suggested by the following dedication, written by Miss Strong for the house-warming, February 26, 1914:

'This little house, the least and youngest offspring of a ready and serviceable great house, now awaits its dedication.

'May all its possessions, the gifts of those who trust in it, serve the more worthily because of their charm. May it have the grace of sharing simply its homely pleasures, the friendliness of its music, the tranquil comfort of its fireside.

'God give to it each day the will to meet the sterner truth of its neighbors' need and of its own shortcomings. May those who do its work carry always a fair purpose and a fine responsibility with every effort, so that it may have the luck it wins, the happiness it gives, and such realization of its dreams as its doing justifies.

'And as a child in a Christian land is bidden to the service of Christ while he is still too young to prove himself, in the same spirit, we offer this house for the service of its fellowmen. Amen.'

Of Mary Strong it was said, 'She creates a contagion through personality.' But she had added to a very unusual personality a nurse's training and an ability to express herself through music.

As a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital Training School for Nurses, she felt a supreme interest in the health of her neighbors. She was able to teach great respect for the body and its sacredness as a home for the soul. She could instill a passion for good health, and shame for anything less than perfection in this way, so that as the years passed it was less and less common to hear boasts of 'enjoying poor health.' She was asked to help to start hospital social service in the Boston Dispensary, which she did most successfully, and her contribution to the whole idea of prenatal care for mothers was a part of the pioneer effort in this work. Her parties for expectant mothers were exquisite gems in perfect settings. We have a description of one of these in her own words:

'When we were planning for this gentle feast,

in the evening, one of the mothers who had come to it last year said, "Do keep it the way you had it before. It ought to be different from other Christmas trees." So a full white pine bough all misty with silver stood on the mantel over the fireplace framed with evergreen, and on its branches were tiny white tapers, one for each expected baby, while a picture of Mother and Child was sheltered below. From the mantel hung a row of smallest white stockings adorned with tall narcissus sprays and filled with the first things a baby needs.

'Behind it were the Christmas packages of baby clothes, making a background of bright color with their Christmas cards of Madonnas.

'Some of the fathers were asked to come early to see the tree by themselves, and the quick responsiveness of the few who did come suggested that such means might develop the intuitive responsibility of parenthood alike in both father and mother. Each father was given a tiny taper and candlestick for a birthday light and a card to be filled out by him and sent to us on the baby's birthday. One of the fathers was asked to light the hearth fire from the little sanctuary lamp swinging on the shelf. "Here's love and luck to

her," he said as he knelt watching the blaze. "It looks like a fair start she's getting!" (The next day this baby came.)

'Another father hunted in his memory for the Christmas songs he used to sing as a boy in England, so that we might play them later as a surprise to his English wife and the youngster.

'When the mothers came into this firelit room a sweet voice sang to them old Christmas carols and legends of Mary and her Child. Most of them joined in "Holy Night." Then very quietly came the Christmas angel with blue and starry robe, a cluster of lilies and Christmas roses in her hands. She told of the beautiful wonder of motherhood (using Helen Hunt Jackson's poem), then lighted with her long taper one little candle for each expected baby until the tree stood transfigured in soft radiance. While the candles burn, the mothers usually say what they most wish the baby to have. This year there were a few half-whispered wishes and for the rest only awed and eloquent silence. When the angel took down the stockings the mothers received them as something almost sacramental, and her gift of a Christmas rose to each seemed some sort of miracle. After she went away we listened to the

legend of the Christmas rose (still with the hush over us) and then to the quaint story of the Christ Child and the spiders. How reluctantly the mothers followed the call to earth, in spite of Christmas cakes and ice-cream to help! And how readily they slipped back into singing again and into wistful wonderings about the babies so nearly theirs and yet so mysteriously apart!

'However we may marvel at it, the sense of mystery and reverence is uppermost in the minds of the mothers and at such times is most convincingly natural. Often they leave behind them thoughts so lovely that any child knowing itself to be the cause of such sweet thinking must be blest in its birthright.

'The one thing greater than all in the world, the thing that holds the half wrecks of families together when by all the laws of medical science, sociology, and associated charities they ought to fall to ruin, the thing that endures supremely, is the love of mothers for children. It is this force — instructive, crudely primitive yet divine — before which one pauses at the Expected Babies' Christmas Tree. Where to lead and when to follow is taught by the expectant mothers themselves, because a little Child has led them.'

Before the pre-school age child was discovered for the whole country, Miss Strong had clubs of mothers and children made up of those who had graduated at one year of age from the Baby Clinic where she had helped to care for them.

Her method for the meetings was to place the kindergarten chairs in the centre of the room surrounding blocks and simple toys and the larger chairs for the mothers in a circle to enclose this unit. The psychology of this was at once apparent, and with the thought focussed on the children many lessons were taught through talking to them and of them.

A life-sized stockinette doll, little 'Alice Beatrice,' represented to the whole neighborhood our child under one year of age. She was given to us by girls of the Farmington School, who clothed her and paid her laundry bills for many years. She visited the clinic weekly, where she had her own bassinet and was used for demonstration purposes, dressed and undressed by the mothers and girls in the clubs, bathed by the little mothers' classes, and carried from house to house to teach many a lesson. Because of our attitude toward her as a living human being, and because she had a name, she became one of our best-

known residents and one of the most popular.

It was fitting that, when Miss Strong moved to 19 Pembroke Street, Alice Beatrice should go, too, to help to carry her message into the new district.

The little house which had for three years been a music centre still continued to teach many of its lessons in that way. To quote from one of Miss Strong's letters to Mr. Woods: 'Everything seems so confidently clear to me these days under the stimulus of revived enthusiasm in music that the only question I have is, how far is it safe to depend on letting this form "of gladness undying that overcomes wrong" do my work. In other words, can we safely interpret social work through the fine art which lies most nearly within our reach?'

The answer to this letter would be precious, indeed, but that it was probably in the affirmative reveals itself as one studies Miss Strong's life and 'the music of her dear, delicious ways.'

She believed in music as a universal language, the language of the heart, and used it to touch lives of which at first she had little knowledge. She always had a comfortable visitor's chair next to the piano, and after seating herself she made it

seem quite natural that she should swing about and gently run her fingers over the keys. She did not fear silences in conversation.

I found her one day quieting an excited woman who had been trying to tell all her troubles in Italian, by sitting at the piano and dreamily playing 'Santa Lucia' over and over until the woman found herself humming it. Soon they were singing it together. 'Bella Italia,' said they to one another, smiling. Then they sang 'O Sole Mio' and knew that they had that in common which would bring them together again.

Wayward ones were made to think when she sat and played to them until they became sympathetic and found their better selves. Music was her introduction to many an interview with a careless father who came in blustering and meaning to bluff it out.

She believed in the power of music to cure the body as well as the spirit and made it possible to carry it to many a bedside of suffering.

To those who knew the little house it stood for flowers as one more means of healing. To Miss Strong every blossom, every leaf was precious, and she used her caressing fingers for them as for little babies, expressing love and tenderness and

respect. She even handled earth with a kind of reverence as though she felt its power to nurture life.

'My garden is a lovesome thing,
. . . . . .
'Tis very sure God walks in Mine.'

She once wrote of days in her tiny front garden in a paper called 'Picket-Fence Acquaintances on Pembroke Street':

'The fence is only a twenty-foot length of picket, atop the low stone wall which holds back the sidewalk. There is a gate and five steps lead down into what the young chocolate dipper who reads Marie Corelli calls "the sunken garden." Years ago the small brick wall was rose-trellised and fruit trees blossomed on either side. I think some breath of this fragrant past must compel people to walk by slowly or even pause awhile as if wondering.

'Some of these pauses have made such pleasant introductions to the house that I should like to tell you of them.

'"Why will you pull off all those roses' heads?" a small, accusing voice demanded. Through the fence I saw one eye and a section of a very dirty face belonging to a little girl. "They're gerani-

ums and they're dead." "They're roses, I see them." "Well, you know best." "But weren't they roses?" "No." "Can I come in and see them close?" "Yes." The gate clicked behind her and she dropped on both knees to examine the remaining blossoms. Then she faced me. "Is this a music school or a house again?" "It's a house again." "Can I see the inside of it?" "Yes." She stood in the doorway of the front room. "This is just the place for my club to meet." "Why?" "Because it has all sizes of chairs." "You'd have to ask your president about that." "What's president?" "The leader of the club." "Oh! That's the boss. Shall I ask her now?" "To-morrow will do." Early next morning she returned with the boss. "Tell me about your club," I said. "It's the Rose Club and we're going to give a play in costume." "What play?" "We don't know what play yet, but we're making the costumes. Annie, run get the costumes." "How many are in the club?" "Ten all together — they're around the corner. Shall I call them?" And at her shout eight girls of assorted sizes lined up along the fence and at my invitation filed in through the front door just as Annie, breathless, returned with two costumes

of pink and purple crêpe paper, in time to beg for the right to assign to each member the chair that fitted her. After two years the club still holds to its chairs and its meeting-place.

'Another day we were tucking in lily-of-the-valley roots and turning up angleworms at random when my new neighbor's little girl on the other side of the fence broke her shy silence with a scream. "Look quick at the snake — he'll bite me." "No, he won't; see, he's in my hand and he does not bite me." "Yes, but it's your garden and he knows you." After a reassuring introduction to other worms, she brought her baby to watch the "snakes" while she helped me with the lily roots. "My mother has some shells from Revere. Can I bring those and plant them?" So we set out a border of cockle shells and clam shells along the walk. Two days she waited and then, "Are the fishes up yet?" "What fishes?" I asked. "Why, from the shells we planted." "But fishes don't grow from shells," I doubted. "Crabs do," she affirmed confidently. "I'll come to-morrow and see." After two years she still keeps coming to see — if not fishes some other wonders; for all the world is a miracle and possible to this child.

'Two weeks ago I took care of her mother — a

Saturday night emergency — and thinking four in a bed too many for my patient, who with a temperature of one hundred and four had done her day's work in a laundry, we improvised a bed of the inevitable green plush sofa and two arm chairs. She dramatized it thus: "Billy and me slept in private beds, like princes, on velvet and sheets. It was awful swell, and when you're away from the wall the rats and cockroaches can't fall on you."

'A tremulous old lady, a twin by birth, used to pass leaning on her cane, and the ferns and violets lured her to speak. "It is a little spot of Eden," she declared. "How such a spot would blossom in the hills of my country! But your little house, that, too, makes for happiness. If Eve should have this, there would be no mischief in Eden. She could be busy always."

'A Frenchwoman, who holds the janitorship of three tenements, confided to me, at first sight, over a handful of pansies, her difficulties with tenants. Thirty years ago as a tenant she had to give references from two clergymen. Now, when she complains to the owner that some of his lodgers are not respectable, he answers, "Oh, don't trouble. I have other houses in the Back Bay the

same way." "Mademoiselle," she added, "here it is a comfort. I forget to worry. Here one finds the true education for the heart."

'The varied assortment of men — from tramps to stout old gentlemen — who pause to give advice on soil and transplanting, the small boys who offer to weed, the old ladies who tell how to make tea out of tansy — each and all seem ready to add a full history of their lives that are strange mixtures of the knowledge of good and evil. One hesitates to pass judgment; but one pauses instead, waiting for a sign that "God still walks in gardens" for their guidance.'

X

EDUCATION AND LIVING

> Education is revelation coming to the individual man; and revelation is education which has come, and is yet coming, to the human race. Education has its goal in the race, no less than in the individual. That which is educated is educated for something.
>
> GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING

> Not every man *a* chance, but every man *his* chance.
>
> CHARLES W. ELIOT

THE history of South End House would suggest that of education in many of its phases, so closely have their interests been identified. If, as Mr. Dooley says, 'Education ain't larnin',' we have often found the Settlement taking the lead. Is its object to enable the person to claim the fullness of life for himself and the community in which he lives?

In the early years of the Settlement we were sharing our academic privileges with our neighbors, but later vocational education and the organization of wholesome recreation almost entirely supplanted this, and our thought was given to trying to combine educational and recreational motives.

There have always been those who were sure that a blanket curriculum was the only democratic plan for education in a large city. Miss Addams told us long ago that a settlement was a protest against restricted education. The results as we have seen them have brought a levelling down, and we are seeking a system in our public schools which will allow for the development of leadership and individual attainment, which the settlements are studying to further at every point.

In 1910, every one in South End House was working hard on the problem of the two 'wasted years.' We had watched the lack of interest of the older children in their school work, and had found that with the material at hand we were unable to be convincing with either the parents or the children. 'If I could only see what it all leads to, I would make her go to school,' or, 'If I could only think that I was getting anywhere, I would stay in school,' was what we had heard over and over again. Mr. Woods was very active in the movement for industrial education. In outlining the work for the House to do, he made this statement: 'Our whole scheme of education, which justifies itself as preparing citizens, is training the con-

sumer citizen, not the producer citizen, and this is largely responsible for the gambling spirit of getting what you want with the minimum of effort, which is at the source of many of our industrial and political difficulties.'

Education was so very definitely founded on this wrong premise that we found more work to do with the parents and the older generation than with the children at first.

As great numbers of negroes after the Civil War wished to be music teachers, so the immigrant parent instills in his child the idea that in America the new freedom means that he has not to work with his hands. The sacrifices made by parents in the hope of bringing this about are often not commensurate with the mental equipment of the child. The father's astonishment, when asked what a child should use instead of his hands, is very real, and when he can be made to realize that the brain power is not there, there comes the inevitable idea that the school is to blame for this lack.

It was natural that the people from the older countries of Europe should feel this way. They had watched the separation of the classes based on what had seemed to them this very thought.

They had envied the consumer class, while they themselves had always represented the producers in their own minds, where leisure and education were synonymous. The free education which America offered seemed the opportunity for passing from one class to another. Many a long evening was spent in the homes of our foreign neighbors, where invariably this point was made over and over again by both parents. It was one of our many efforts to 'domesticate' social democracy.

One way in which we were able to prove our point with the parents was to provide scholarships for our young people to attend trade schools. By offering the amount of board which a child who was approximately self-supporting could contribute to the family, or sometimes the amount which would cover clothing expenses, we worked out several demonstration cases which were more convincing than words.

Those of us who watched a change in the point of view of the public gradually came to wonder that so much was accomplished in so few years. With the new immigration laws it will be easier to do the work of bringing the parents to understand. Then, too, the message from across the

water is not the same since the War. As one woman explained, 'Quality works now.'

Because of consulting the teachers about each child, we gradually worked up their minds to favor vocational guidance, which was so necessary a part of doing it all intelligently. I remember one fine old teacher who advised all her girls who were of the gentler type to take a secretarial course. When we asked her about them, after finding that her advice was so often followed, she would always say, 'But she seems so quiet and writes such a neat hand.' The fact that the child could neither speak nor write English well had not entered into her decisions, nor had the invention of the typewriter suggested that the neat handwriting might be of little use. 'I do want her to have a chance to be a lady' was her outreaching thought toward her conception of what America must be ready to offer.

It was about this time that, after discussing this subject with a group of mothers, we all tried to say what we thought a 'lady' is. 'A woman who thinks a lot, but don't talk too much.' 'A woman who don't have to work unless she wants to.' 'A woman who can do as she wants to.' 'One who dresses perfect and is neat and has perfect

manners.' 'One who marries a gentleman is a lady.' 'One who takes time for everything is a lady.'

It was a helpful and really inspiring meeting; for as we sat there thinking and talking together, we came nearer to working out a plan which we might hope to realize for the children because of a better understanding of each mother's aims and prayers.

All of this led very naturally to definite work in vocational guidance, and one year found South End House giving a large amount of time to it. A group of men and women residents undertook to follow up every grammar-school graduate in the district by seeing the parents, teachers, and, when work was decided on, the employers. In November, 1913, the Boston Placement Bureau was created and it is now responsible for all of this work.

It was so easy after some of our visits to understand the great regard for 'book learning' which we found on all sides. It was often at the root of great tragedies. This recalls a day when I was sent for by a neighbor who had discovered a lonely little woman about to have a child and deserted by her husband. The three rooms were

only rooms, no semblance of a home; but there we found her crouching before an oil stove in one dark corner. For days we saw each other very often, and when she was tucked in a snowy hospital bed with her baby beside her she proved to be a beautiful woman. Not until then did we really discuss her husband and his probable reason for leaving her. 'I used to try to read Tolstoy and Turgenev all day until I fell asleep over it. Then he would come home and find no fire and no supper, and if he had not been a gentleman he would have beaten me. You see he is a college man and so learned, and he soon tired of my face because he said there was nothing behind it. So I tried to study and read to be able to talk to him and so keep him at home with me in the evenings.'

The way to a man's heart she did not know, nor could her food have reached it; for she had not the least idea how to prepare it. Her convalescence was long, but she bravely tried to work and support herself and her child. It was all so discouraging and her life was so colorless without the man she truly loved that, on learning of his whereabouts in New York, she fled to him, not telling any one of her plans. When she returned to seek

our sympathy and protection six weeks later, we heard of his resentment at seeing her and of his consequent cruelty. Of this she never spoke but once, although of the fact that he 'had no other woman' she boasted continually. She has never been separated from a parchment which proved his graduation from a university in Russia.

To her horror she found herself with child again; but the poor little mite lived but a few months, only to be burned to death. For years she worked in a laundry, always borne up by the fact that the little daughter was to have the education her father had, which she herself had missed. When the child was in her early teens, the economic pressure was too great to make it possible to include music lessons and all the fine clothes and 'advantages' deemed so important. Having procured a divorce from the college graduate and found a man who would be good to 'my Gittal,' she married again. This man had a family of grown children, who immediately decided that their father had married a cook and housekeeper. Since she had discovered her mistake early, the woman was on her mettle to make good. She therefore learned to cook and did so for a family of seven until her strength failed and she gave the

husband a choice. Either he could have her and her child and the home that she could make, or he could have his own son and daughters. He has vacillated between these two opportunities ever since, but has never burned his bridges from one family to the other.

There was always a profession of indebtedness on the part of this woman to her Settlement friends. In one period, when she had a very attractive home, she came to ask if through us she could find some one to share it for a time, 'Some one as unfortunate as I have been.' Knowing her refinement and her acquired genius for home-making, we made the connection with an old lady living in a tiny lodging-house room who was sorely in need of a change. She was a good Unitarian and they were Orthodox Jews; but she liked our friend and together they worked out a plan for the visit. The fact that the old lady was a graduate of a well-known college made her honorable in the sight of her hosts and wiped out the thought of her dependence. She was able to discuss current events with the man, the latest books with the woman, and music and her high-school lessons with the child. The visit, which was cut short by illness, was voted a success by both

sides. 'Entertaining one who knew so much more than we did was good for each one of us,' said the hostess.

What pleased us more than all else was the occasional tribute to the ideal of education with which we were trying to imbue our neighbors.

'Gladys will be unable to attend the halls of learning to-day, for the Omnipotent has laid His hand upon her and she is in bed with a severe cold,' was a note from a parent who appreciated the educational function of our Club House.

One whole family returned to us after a triumphant exit to the country because the mother claimed that the children could not learn to grow up without a settlement as well as a school. In contrast to this, I remember a call with an Armenian neighbor, deeply puzzled by what she felt in this country, to which she had come.

'I am sad all of the time I stay at home and make sweets for my children, so that they will be happy inside. I cannot visit the meat shops because on the hooks I see not little dead animals, such as they are to you, but my little dead baby as it hung, left by the wicked Turks. My side is sore, not from the great wound they left there, but because of my heart that aches within it. I

am without mother and father. They are, God knows where, and I have within me the sorrow of the child without parents and the mother without child.'

'But you have the baby in your arms at this moment. Is he not yours?'

'Yes, but it is not the same. He will be free. He will not need a mother in this land but for so little while. He is American. Now he belong to the doctor and the nurse more than to me, for in this country he cannot drink even the mother milk. They tell me what to eat. I must do that for him, and I try, but it is no good, so now he has milk from the cow, and instead of his sweet warm body in my arms I stand by the stove and heat and measure, and when I am weary he has the hard bottle while I watch him drink, smiling and happy; but it is not of myself that I have given him. When I look tired, the nurse tells me that soon, oh, so soon, he must have other food than milk; but there will be another then who will come and say to me what he shall eat, and that it will not be too often that I need think of it at all, for there is now the school for the smallest children. His father says that he must be a real American, and that he can be so only if he goes to

the schools, and that this is so true that the big man in Washington sends those who know to people's houses to take the children into the schools. And they say to me always, "This is a free country." What does it mean? It is not free for the mother and child.'

The Emerson Club, started by a group of high-school students while the Settlement was very young, was really a self-culture group, and its members were a joy to those who met with them in the Rollins Street House. They have made good, some of them even attaining fame in their chosen work. Their following has not been worthy of them from the standpoint of literary interest. Many years later, the second Emerson Club was named in this way: A group of little girls called at the residence to say that they would be a club. Object? Happy afternoons. Name? As usual we exhausted the list of flowers, spelled our initials backward and forward, without coming upon anything attractive. One child: 'My sister belongs to a club named for a piano — the Emerson Club.' Chorus: 'Let us name ourselves for a piano too.'

XI

FROM THE SMALL HOURS ONWARD

> We find ourselves compelled, to-day, in the interests of civilization itself, to see that the influences of civilization penetrate into the ramifications of society. The task is to make provision so that every part of society shall not only have a full supply for its fundamental wants, but shall also constantly be refreshed from the higher sources of a happier and nobler life.
>
> ROBERT A. WOODS

LOOKING out of the window at four in the morning was sure to be rewarded, for that was the most colorful part of the day in our neighborhood. It was the hour when all the fresh fruit and vegetables which were to delight the housewives of Dorchester and Roxbury passed from the market; piled high in carts and overflowing in such a way as to suggest horns of plenty. The drivers were the owners of small markets who had loaded their wagons with bright beets, carrots, onions, turnips, cauliflowers, and deep purple eggplants, with melons and fruit in season, all laid on masses of spinach and cabbage — bringing the largesse of the country and thoughts of nature and God. Slowly trailing after these came the pedlars easily

distinguishable because of a single ware. Wagon-loads of tomatoes, apples, or onions they had. We knew their ways well, for were not some of them to stop in our neighborhood, where the owner plied his trade and had become a leading citizen? Some of our 'first families' were those of honest, hard-working, clever venders, who showed an enviable knowledge of human nature when they bought the daily bargain which they had almost an uncanny ability to sell. They were not of any one nationality, but they were good business men and some of them are bringing up large familes in comparative affluence, which admits of higher education. Following these horse-drawn vehicles came the men who would some day take their places, wearily pushing their hand-carts filled with the inevitable bananas, oranges, or cherries. Ours was the first cross-street with trees, offering shade after the long trudge up the Avenue. Many of these parked, therefore, before our door to add their touch of color to our drab street. As they sat on the curbstone they would slowly pare and eat some of their own juicy fruit, or seek a drink as the saloon door opened. Later, when we moved and lived opposite a drinking-fountain, we watched them enjoy the

Adam's ale which that offered without money and without price.

In the winter the passing trucks would seem to shake the district into life as they roared over the stone road with their various commodities from the great centre of the city out into the world. One by one doors would be opened stealthily, then slammed as if to keep Jack Frost from entering. It was 'the sound of mothers taking up their sweet laborious days.' Shivering forms in slippered feet and long coats would hurry nervously to the nearest store and return a moment later with the inevitable bread and milk, for seldom is the supply left regularly at the door. The street is quiet again, but there is an air of expectancy as the light grows stronger. Then comes forth a queer shape discovered to be a woman and baby wrapt together in the familiar black shawl of the Italian. It is again the mother of the family with her thought for her dear ones, making her first gesture of the day in their behalf.

In summer our neighborhood knows no night. The light and darkness melt together almost imperceptibly, and there is no rest. Then the children are the ones who are up and wandering about while the adults are wooing sleep. One

morning about two o'clock on answering the bell, we found a small child standing at the door, unclothed and lisping some simple request. On being told to go home to bed, she said in surprise, 'I've *been* to bed. It ain't my turn no more.' It reminded us of our little visitor of the previous day who had looked around our sitting-room as if searching for something, and then asked, 'Where is the bed?' 'Upstairs,' we said. 'And here's a whole room without a bed? What a waste!' It was she who came in later to ask whether her club might hold its next meeting in our residence. 'To see the house and how you live in it.' It was delightfully primitive to have to explain how a whole house was used. Up and down stairs we went, and then we sat around the fire and told how each one of us would fit up the bedroom of our dreams when we had one to ourselves. Later, this group took over the guardianship of our large doll-house, where we no longer found a bed in the kitchen and living-room.

The question of sleeping is a great problem where a large family is housed in a few rooms. It always means too many in one bed, which in the summer works great hardship, but in winter is considered an unmixed blessing when the nights

are cold. Little Mary, when trying to impress upon us how much they missed her brother who had been recently drowned, said, 'It's awful lonesome in bed now that Tommy's gone. It used to be Pa and Ma and Tommy and me, and now it's only Ma and Pa and me.' Sometimes an avaricious parent made capital out of the willingness of roomers to share a bed with some one else. We were driving home from a Christmas party, given for some of our small children by a private school, when the little girl sitting on my lap suddenly added to all the other expectations of gifts from Santa Claus her boast, 'The man who sleeps in my bed with my sister and me is going to give me a great big doll for Christmas.' She was asked quietly, 'And who is this man?' 'I don't know his name, but he is one of our lodgers,' was her reply. Her statement was verified and the case handled at once and very ably by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

In the winter in most tenements the bedrooms and the sitting-room, too, when there is one, are cold, which forces the family to use the kitchen as a gathering-place. Here the younger children play; the older ones try to study their home lessons; and the parents, if they are to talk things

over at all, find this their opportunity. The effort to study in a room with six or eight others who are not interested in quiet is too great for the ordinary child, who finds concentration difficult at best. It is impossible to imagine the working boy or girl in the family bringing a friend into this already complicated situation. This raises the great question, where the young men and women are to meet in the evenings. It is common to find them courting in doorways or going to the movies. 'Mamie is standing out with another feller,' was the expression used by one mother when telling me that her daughter had changed an old admirer for a new.

But what were some of the ways to offset these dull evenings? We had always held that entertaining even in a small way is a fine art, and that getting together in the right spirit is all-important.

The big neighborhood family was studied constantly, taking into account its many factions, which had to be respected and met with so much sympathy. We had some knowledge of the great divisive forces in the community, and, on the other hand, we had learned many lessons about working together in groups. The cross-town families were

spending time and thought and no end of money to make it possible for their young people just slipping into life to play together. Who was doing this for us? Were our young people any more able to plan parties and bring about pleasant ways of meeting one another? The promoters of commercialized recreation have done more than their share.

The instinct for hospitality we find in every home. This must be capitalized, and in many cases housed without losing its finest qualities, with simple friendly interest as a basis: first, by offering opportunities and by giving demonstrations in the form of well-planned parties; and then by insisting that these shall be followed by coöperative effort. 'Can we make a party?' was music to our ears; but that party when 'made' must have a standard all the way from receiving the guests to refreshments and leave-taking, with no thought spared in inviting just the right persons.

The man who wrote 'The Clock Tower of St. James's,' so giving the world an idea of how royalty entertains, would be amazed to learn that our preparations sometimes paralleled his in their careful attention to detail. Prearrangement is

only another name for what appears to be the most delightful spontaneity. A sympathetic knowledge of what our neighbors enjoy, with careful strategy which will involve the majority in active participation, is all-important.

Many, many hours were spent in committee meetings. Whole long evenings were given over to deciding on the flavor of the ice-cream to be ordered or whether we should have coffee or not. Many quiet neighborly considerations of international problems came about while a group discussed suitable refreshments for a gathering of the neighbors. The 'eats' are a large part of every entertainment, of course, for on these may hinge the success or failure of a grand party!

Perhaps the most truly recreating experience lies in neighborhood dramatics. From early childhood to old age we participate, taking our part one day and admiring some one who is taking his the next. We stop at nothing — from acting out the stories of childhood without any rehearsals to putting on four-act plays successfully. Those who feel the will to power long for the star parts, but there are those self-effacing souls who prefer not to be prominent. On passing through a room one day while some play-acting was going on, I

stumbled over a child almost hidden in a dark corner. Whispering, 'What are you?' he replied, 'I am the ends of the earth!' The leader, eager to leave no one out, had assigned this part to him. As our young people found their places in the world, they were always eager to bear testimony, in the presence of the younger ones, to what dramatics had done for them, not only socially but in every other way. A record of our reasons for faith in the power of dramatics for good would fill a volume.

Because we know that an interest in the fine arts helps to solve the leisure-time problem for a few, it was our study to create and stimulate this. The South End Music School exists to testify to our success, showing that music has more and more become a resource for whole families. We have embraced every opportunity offered through the years to include music in all forms of entertainment given at the South End House. The Sunday afternoon concerts, planned so ably by Mr. William Cole, are still talked of by the adults. The privilege given us in later years to go with groups of children to the Symphony Concerts, and so to hear through their ears, has confirmed our belief that they can appreciate the best.

The enjoyment of the fine arts, because it has less of a social appeal, has not yet taken the same place in our neighborhood life. The fact that it is not so easy to bring this about is not holding back those who long for it. There are projects under way at the present time which are looking toward adding this definitely to life's adventures.

With our neighbors we are grateful for the contribution made by Miss Margaret Sheridan, who has opened for our neighborhood the world of literature. Her love for the best in books has been contagious, as she has presided over our South End Branch Library for more than a quarter of a century.

Nowhere is it an age of hobbies. We have become too standardized in our play as in our education and other sides of life. We have often wondered whether it is because of this or because of economic limitations that we so seldom discover collections of any sort. City housing offers little hope of preserving treasures, and the children and young people are as full of engagements as their parents. Even the smallest children have their afternoons filled with clubs or classes and their Saturdays are claimed for 'serial movies.' Of course, all of our recreations have been com-

mercialized, and our emotions capitalized, until we have become slaves to fashion, and the taste of the individual has been swallowed up in following the line of least resistance, accepting what is offered and going with the crowd. It has proved useless to try to compete with this commercialized recreation or to meet it on its own ground. 'Better movies' are often stupid and dull, and, like all avowedly 'wholesome' things, uninteresting.

'When mother says, "'Tis wholesome,"
I know 'tis meek and mild.
I'll eat it not as cereal!
The oat I like is wild.'

It is the active participating recreation which the Settlement can offer to young people as a means of developing the individual for leadership which will bring us up from the dead level. In a few cases where we have discovered a hobby, we have been able to use it in endless ways — sometimes for the salvation of the person.

I remember one fine man with a weakness for liquor, which he fought with a persistency almost unbelievable. No soldier facing death on a battle-field ever summoned more courage than this man when 'the craving was upon him.' He would rush home like a mad man, kick off his

shoes, and plead with his wife to hide them, and then begin to smoke and walk the floor. We were sent for, and it was during those visits that we learned how fast it was possible to roll cigarettes. On comparing notes with a girl who worked in a factory, we found that we had attained almost professional speed. He liked to feel that some one was near who could add strength to his weakness, and, as he walked the floor for hours at a time, we would either keep silence or entertain according to his mood. Our tacit understanding was that we never referred to the matter in hand, but often as he wrestled he would exclaim, as he turned on his heel, 'O my God!' with the intensity of fervent prayer. It *was* prayer!

He was not a vigorous man ever, although, as physical strength increased through watchful care and better food, his 'spells' came less often. At the end of his first year of total abstinence, his settlement friends gave a party to celebrate. Ten neighbors who were in the secret were invited, and we made the evening delightful with choice refreshments and with music, for which he cared a great deal. On the appearance of the birthday cake with one candle burning brightly, some one said, 'How did you manage it, John?' It was then

that we learned of his great affection for the team of horses which he drove and cared for. 'I am ashamed to say it before the wife, but it is the thought that I might lose the chance to meet *them* as a man in the morning that has kept me straight many a night.' So we talked at length about them, and the mutual admiration which he was so sure existed, and we learned of his passion for horses since childhood. It was easier after this to be helpful with this hobby to fall back upon, and this new appeal to urge. We bought gay ribbons for the shiny black team to wear in the Work-Horse Parade as a present when we celebrated the second birthday. On the third we had prancing horses on the top of the cake instead of candles. And so it went on until five years had passed, when he lost his work through no fault of his own, but through the inevitable substitution of an auto truck, which he refused to learn to drive. He died from pneumonia following a long spell of unhappiness which he had tried to drown in drink. During the five triumphant years he had faced bravely many family vicissitudes, including the loss of two of his children, and had carried burdens which would have crushed a lesser man.

It was mortifying sometimes to realize how

long it was possible to know a friend before discovering his or her hobby. We can ride so long in secret. If once discovered, it often made vocational guidance easy with a young person; but there was always the question of developing it for an avocation. Mrs. Humphry Ward has said, 'One half the day be the master of your world and the other half be the slave of something that will take you out of it.' A young woman dropped in on her way home from the library with a large volume under her arm, which proved to be a treatise on semi-precious stones. And so we discovered that, after long hours in an office, she spent her free time in reading of and studying about them. A very talented girl, who had a passion for dramatics, told us that her hours of work in a candy factory fairly flew when she was getting ready to take part in a play. Was it better to capitalize her dramatic ability or to use it to enrich her life in her leisure time? The girl who from childhood had loved to dress hair and caused most of her friends to suffer under her hands was taken from an uncongenial job, lent money to take a course in a 'beauty parlor,' and is to-day a successful artist in that way, supporting an invalid husband and two children.

We learned that through our enthusiasm for brains and ability which we had discovered, we often ran ahead of our subject and so made grave mistakes. I remember one very able girl who had been rescued while a stitcher on a power machine, and given a high-school education. Later she secured a secretarial position, which made her the envy of her friends. Once in a moment of real feeling she said: 'You should not have taken me from my natural work, for now my ideas and I have changed. The man whom I want to marry will not want me, and the man who wants me I will not marry.' She was asked whether she would generalize about this, so that we might consider this a warning in dealing with other girls, and she said she felt it very strongly because no girl should be removed from her own class. Some years later, she was very happily married and came back to beg us to forget what she had said in an hour of disappointment; but we always felt that there was an element of truth in her heartfelt cry, after all. Perhaps the trouble in such cases is the difficulty of carrying the family along. We have often talked with psychologists about this, but have reached no general conclusion. We have watched cases where the pushing of the brilliant member

of the family has brought sorrow and hardship to the rest of the children. If there is strong family affection and pride to base it on, with a good generous disposition on the part of the selected child, it may succeed. As I look back over many cases, I am ready to conclude that if the mother is the five-thousand-dollar woman, of whom we have already spoken, it can be safely tried with great hope of success.

XII

POLITICS IN A NEIGHBORHOOD

Political ways are folk ways.

JANE ADDAMS

OUR district is very much interested in local politics. As soon as our young men can vote, they are found speaking from an automobile under a red light promising to serve a possible constituency, body and soul, for better or for worse, and painting a rosy future for each family in their following.

We often say that we cannot outline a plan for our district more full of promise than that offered by the budding politician. 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for?' is certainly in our minds as we listen. But we find ourselves asking, as we think it over, whether two and two can equal five, even when the sum is done by one of the youngest.

The appeal to the voter is invariably economic — lower car-fares and work for every one with increased wages. When one auto-orator was asked, 'Who will pay?' 'The city,' was his answer. 'Where does the city get this money?'

'Why, hasn't a city always got money? I will drag it from the rich, then.' And so Bolshevists are made. Those who fear education for the masses must face the fact of democracy as it is working out in city neighborhoods.

'No, I ain't going to vote for Jimmy again. He ain't got one fellow out of jail since he was in office. He ain't got a job for a dozen of us in two years. We ain't gone back to five-cent car-fares as he promised we would, and he is tight with the dollar.'

The week before the primary this man went on the stump against 'Jimmy' and proved to the corner crowds that if they studied the records they would find that it had cost them five hundred dollars a visit, if they divided the salary by the number of times that the present incumbent had appeared at City Hall. He was not reëlected.

A few years ago we were so desperate over the ignorance shown in these speeches that we went to the Graduate School of Education at Harvard to talk over the advisability and possibility of trying to introduce some very practical, simple lessons in economics into the seventh and eighth grades in a neighboring public school. The Dean offered this as a problem to the members of his

class in social policy and education. Two students undertook to carry out the plan and were able to enlist the interest of the principal and teachers. In helping to prepare the seven lessons, which were all that could be interjected into an already full curriculum, the Settlement learned to think this need through more carefully in the light of experience.

The study indicated that very little could be accomplished in seven lessons; but that the subject could be taught in these two grades and could be developed from very simple facts; and that it should be amplified sufficiently to provide thirty lessons simple enough for comprehension and practical enough for children in the seventh and eighth grades. Great stress was laid on the calls paid in the home to ask whether the children had talked the problems over with the parents, whether they had together applied what had been learned, and what they could suggest by way of adding to the course questions that would be helpful to the whole family.

It was a drop in the bucket, but it seemed to point the way to greater intelligence about what, in the district, is considered politics and about what may well be included in that word.

Because the City Yards are located in the South End, we have a very personal relation to the City Departments. The collection of ashes and garbage cannot be complained of in the abstract. One very belligerent woman said: 'Is it me Patsy ye're foindin' fault wid? Sure, Mrs. Moriarty, it's worse service rather than better ye'll get whin Oi tell him that ye're after exposin' him in public!'

This suggested that an evening with Patsy and his fellow workers as our guests might be profitable, and when Patsy appeared ready to discuss the problems of the housewife in relation to his own efforts, we were gloriously rewarded.

He agreed to speak to our mother's club — 'To tell thim women how they can manage their swill and how they can have less of it' — the latter suggestion being his own. We all discussed and asked questions until far into the night.

There are so many ways of getting together and so many reasons for doing so. We come together 'on a kick' most surely, perhaps. South End House could publish another Book of Lamentations. 'Who's got the pull on that?' was the question put to us at some of the meetings of the Neighborhood Association by our chairman, and

it was ever on the basis of acquaintance that interviews were planned with our city officials when asking for neighborhood improvements. At the executive meetings, too, we would get what the men called 'inside dope.' Robert Woods held both city and state appointments, from time to time, and it was gratifying to find the respect paid to his judgment. He was not considered highbrow by those who knew him, and his gentle deference to the opinion of others, coupled with his unsurpassed ability to be a good listener, generally gave him the lead before the evening was over. His influence was unquestioned, and a young man starting out in life was proud to carry a recommendation from him in his pocket, feeling that Mr. Woods was known to be too honest to say a word that was undeserved even to help a friend.

For a time, after the change in the city charter, when Mr. Woods had worked hard for the Good Government candidate, who was not elected, the women residents had all the dealings with City Hall. It was during this administration that we were able to procure a small playground for little children in Franklin Square, which exists to-day with an average attendance of five hundred a day

during the summer. We did not have the vote, but we had the appeal of the need of little children, which was, and always will be, a great weapon.

Our visits to City Hall gave us an opportunity to see an Irishman at work under great stress and strain and to learn again what can be accomplished by concentration, only possible to bear because of a sense of humor and an ability to relax. President Wilson once said in an after-dinner speech: 'I myself am happy to believe that there runs in my veins a very considerable strain of Irish blood. I can't prove it from documents, but I have internal evidence. There is something delightful in me that every now and then takes the strain off my Scotch conscience and affords me periods of enjoyable irresponsibility, when I do not care whether school keeps or not or whether anybody gets educated or not.'

Robert Woods had the same delightful mixture, and we were always pleased if we could come upon him in one of those moments when he was off guard; for although he was not physically playful he had a playful mind. He was never caught napping if play was going about. He would take up the slack and run away with the idea, even over

the telephone, which is a supreme test. Those who knew him less well found him an interested onlooker; but we who saw him day by day realized that he was often having fun all by himself. In conversation he was given to anecdote, and he had a large fund of stories, which strangely enough he seldom used either in public speaking or in writing. He made quiet statements which were remembered later; but he was always the statesman rather than the politician, because he lived in the larger circle of thought. Perhaps it was this that kept the smaller mind in some awe of him in spite of what one of his admiring neighbors called his 'simple democratic ways.' His fearlessness was often proved and he was proudly spoken of as a 'good fighter.' The latter appealed very much to his Irish neighbors, who understood that side of him well, although with them it took a physical form. 'Sure, me son is one noble boy! To take him up just because he was foightin' the cop! Sure, why wouldn't he? His father and me and my father before me was that way, and why not him?' So Mrs. M. was keeping up her courage when we met her on the way to the police station.

Daily the educational precept that we must proceed from the known to the unknown was

borne in upon us. That our politics had a very local and practical bearing on everyday life was very evident, but seldom did we find a suggestion of its larger bearing. I remember our surprise when our good postman referred, quite in passing, to his 'boss,' meaning the President of the United States. The reason for the reference to him on that occasion was that, as far as the postman could see, the President had not made a home for his family, and he wondered how he intended to house them when he ceased to be a guest of the Nation. So all roads lead to home!

It was nothing short of an inspiration on the part of Mrs. T. J. Bowlker, who, carrying on the Lowell family tradition of fine citizenship, was led to attack the community situation on this basis in the year 1908. Mrs. Bowlker was an interpreter of the city to the women of the city, and was able to show them that home no longer meant only those within its four walls, but included the specialists in the city, such as milk inspectors, factory inspectors, and all of those who must supplement the mother's care and must handle the health and welfare of the family in the larger unit. It was evident that the public servants who were doing this should be trained humanly and not as bu-

reaucrats, so that they would be entitled to the kind of respect due to those who through wisdom should exercise control.

In fact, this new interpretation of the home to itself and of the city as 'our larger home' was Mrs. Bowlker's special contribution. Nothing that ever came into our neighborhood stirred us all to action as did this call to women to do their part in city housekeeping.

She gave of herself unsparingly to the work of the Women's Municipal League, the name chosen for the craft in which her hope for Boston was to fare forth. She had the fire of eloquence which carried people on to the heights and a spiritual quality which gave wings to her thoughts. When her audience was inspired and ready she would say, 'Now, what can we, as women, do about this?' She was sure to close with a practical suggestion and send her audience home wishing to work. Many of the women's clubs and groups in settlement houses were enlisted to help about organization.

Often the work took the form of demonstration, such as the clean and dirty markets and the model tenement. The former were shown in some of the schools, one in each district of the

city, where the children were encouraged to write compositions about what they saw and the different effects of clean and unclean foods. Not only that, but also they were urged to try to observe the conditions of the markets in their immediate neighborhood. In this way one mother learned that second-hand newspapers were bought by some of the dealers in which to wrap fish and meat. The next time this woman went to buy fish, she refused to accept it wrapped in newspaper. The dealer asked, 'Is it that you have a proud on, that you will not have newspaper?' Her reply was, 'It is not that I have a proud on, but it is that I know better.'

Many situations were dramatized in the minds of young and old. The little boy who wrote, 'We must beware of the fly as he is our deadly enemy,' saw a whole regiment of these insects with germs on their feet menacing human life. The little girl who wrote a clever play to show how a dirty market brought disease and unhappiness to an entire family saw society being wrecked by lack of consideration for this form of cleanliness.

In this educational quality of the work of the League lay its real power. It used as its teachers any one whose interest could be enlisted. By

recognizing the force which could be brought about by considering together, it gave a real human vitality to what had before seemed only 'official business.' But through all wound a thread of faith in the future, faith in each other, and faith in the good will of those at City Hall.

'It must be awful to live without a man in the house nowadays — no one to tell you how to vote,' said a good-natured woman living on our street. 'But you would not always vote the way your husband tells you to, would you?' 'Sit down till I ask you something. Would you marry a man whose judgment you would not trust?' 'No' — rather reluctantly. 'Well, then, what are you talkin' about?'

It will take another generation of time and great patience and real study to break down the inertia of the women and to prove to them that the cross-currents of the neighborhood can be brought together on a basis of loyalty to ideals. It is always easier with both men and women to discuss the affairs of the city in reference to a personality; but it has been the policy of South End House to enter a contest 'only when local political candidates embody standards definitely

lower than those of the majority of their constituents.'

The neighborhood is full of factions, and unlike some other districts of the city we have not had a permanent leader who could combine them very successfully even on election day. We all move around within the Democratic ring; but many of the deeper currents of neighborhood life have yet to be discovered and reckoned with by our politicians, who are never dealing alone with the obvious, although they do not know it. To a knowledge of the psychology of the individual they may owe their election, but they are wholly ignorant of the group mind, which with its loyalty to an ideal or tradition may play them false in a crisis. A leading Jewish real-estate dealer, who deplored the fact that one of his faith had lost the reëlection to the School Committee, said, 'Next time we Protestants must put our heads together, and then it will go our way!' For certain purposes great groups are willing to realign themselves. In this case each individual neighbor would have resented such a suggestion of oneness.

XIII

WORLD CONTACTS IN WAR TIME

> The great emergency, therefore, tested under stress the instruments which had been forged in peace.
>
> *The Settlement Horizon*

When the United States entered the War, the South End had been in it since 1914 and we had felt the strain. We knew that our neighborhood was directly involved when the neighbors came to tell us of the failure of letters and money to reach relatives on the other side and of the loss a little later of some of those relatives in Russia from starvation, in Armenia from massacre, and others in the trenches. Our first experience in parting with our own boys came much later, but the thirty-seven who went with the Ninth Regiment to Mexico soon became candidates for the 301st and were ready to go to France.

Two events stirred us in large groups — the Sinn Fein uprising in Ireland and the Russian Revolution. What had been private distress and loss, suffered in sullen silence for the most part, took on more hopeful constructive thoughtfulness

when it related itself to an effort of the common people across the water, those whom we best understood. To the Irish it meant the hope that at last their country would have a chance to claim what England was all ready to fight to obtain for Belgium.

On the morning of the announcement of the success of the revolution in Russia, every one was stirred, for was not this a triumph for us all? The Russians themselves were eager to discuss all that such an event might mean to them, and family after family immediately planned to return to the Fatherland, 'to carry back to our people the message of democracy, which we have learned to live here. If they have freedom, they will not at first know how to use it.' On the day when we learned that Allenby had entered Jerusalem, we went to see our friends who had come from there, explained what had happened as told in the newspapers, and found them very dramatic as they tried to show us just how it all looked through their eyes.

The Armenians, who received only sad news if any, felt with the Poles that the end of the War must mean the day of small nations, when security and national rights would be theirs after hundreds

of years of oppression. Over four thousand young Armenian men were in the trenches helping to bring this to pass and hoping, through their active service, to obtain a hearing on the great day of peace.

Day after day during the draft Syrian neighbors came to ask our help in getting their boys exempted, always insisting that they were really 'not old enough to go by almost one year.' At last we looked up their registration ages in school records and found that there they were one year older than the mothers were now willing to claim. This was so universally true that we felt we must go into the question with a Syrian who could perhaps explain. After laying all the facts before him, he told us that in Syria a child's life begins nine months before he is born and that it is so calculated. We were able to pass this on to the recruiting officers, who had not found it possible to take time to search for the reason when the agitated Syrian women had beset them with tears and protestations. So each day held its puzzling and unexpected task, in which we rejoiced because it brought us so close to those among whom we chose to stay. Tempting offers came to most of us to do more spectacular things either in this coun-

try or overseas. The contribution made in our neighborhood was rich in the kind of reward that it brought.

We gave of our young men generously and bravely even before the draft. More proved physically fit to serve than we had expected. A high sense of honor was shown toward exemption and we all sang, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' with as deep feeling as though our fathers had really died in this land.

It was during this period of the Great War that we were daily called upon to relate the special sorrow to the common experience. The young men went across to fight side by side with their fellow countrymen, but the mothers, and some of the fathers, who could not read, and so were not in touch with what was going on, remained at home to hug their misery. After the United States became involved, it was more evident that we were going through a great experience together. On the day of the first draft the sense of a shared sorrow brought moments of exaltation to many of these older men and women.

Hoover had said at different times, 'Women will win the War,' and, 'Food will win this War.' We found that it was only the whole family plus

their interest in food that could win the War. A mother's efforts were absolutely unavailing unless the father and children were ready to eat what she had been taught to cook. The work in our neighborhood had to be educational and very personal. We not only used the traditions already established through personal contacts, but also created new ones which made it possible through friendship to influence the family as a unit. Less and less did we find the printed word of use. Our efforts, therefore, had to be in each case by means of a house-to-house canvass. This was done most thoroughly during one summer by a corps of sixteen residents and volunteers, three of the latter being the neighbors themselves. Many visits had to be made with interpreters, but almost invariably the Hoover card was signed willingly. Sometimes the question was asked, 'Why ask us to save who never did anything else? These cards should go to the rich.' After quietly reading the card through to them, their question was answered; for when we came to 'Do you keep a cook?' it was so evident that the campaign did not have the poor only in mind that they were ready to do what was asked. One Russian Jewess said, 'We will hang the Food Administration card in our win-

dows for the Government inspector to see; then he will not come in, and the Jews of this country will have another Passover.' The emphasis was always laid on the positive side of conservation, rather than the more negative thought of substitutes, and we found that the psychology of the neighborhood was such that they responded more readily to it.

It always brought hardship, although sometimes it pointed to an enlargement of the family menu. 'We folks eat only three things — meat, potato, and bread. Meat and potatoes are too expensive to have, and now you ask us to eat dark breads when we do not like them.'

The little house, originally our Music School, was immediately turned into a conservation centre in which vegetables and fruit were preserved. Daily, interested garden owners sent in their surplus produce, which the children canned during the morning while the mothers came in the afternoon and evenings. Over one thousand jars were filled there during the first summer and more canning was done at home where the lessons were practised to good purpose.

We learned much through coming together there to help our country and the boys overseas.

We cooked with dark flour and worked out meatless and potatoless meals, until one overstrained mother accused us all of trying to become 'eatless.'

We turned to the public schools to give some demonstration cooking to groups of mothers and children together, with the object of overcoming the latter's dislike for some of the food. We tasted the results and found ourselves all committed to the fact that they were good, which encouraged the use of those recipes in the homes where the mothers, unaided, had been unable to introduce them. We tried to create a spirit of adventure to overcome the conservative attitude of childhood, which is something to grapple with in each new attack on life, and to which the parents are in many cases not equal. They are only too ready to accept likes and dislikes as final and physical. 'He don't like' applies to food, school, teachers, relatives, and, later on, work, and many of the duties of life which some of us feel obligatory.

To facilitate our work along all these lines the district was divided into fourteen blocks, each one of which was put under the care of a worker. With this kind of organization it was possible to get messages across to the people quite easily.

We had established a very concrete plan for

work with the Civilian Relief of the Red Cross at this time. We of the South End House were needed, not only for leadership, but even more for our ability to interpret the significance of what was being asked of us, and to relate it all to the world experience as it developed daily.

We had always been very careful not to ask money from the neighbors so that they would not in any way connect money with our visits. Such a common experience was it for them to have collectors call! Our neighbors did not have to be taught anything about the joys of giving, for the open heart and the open hand were everywhere.

A club of our girls who worked in a neighboring factory came shyly in one evening to ask, 'What is interest?' They were really disappointed when, after telling us that each of them had bought a Liberty Bond, they learned that they would receive some return. 'We thought we were doing something for our country when we promised to pay that dollar a week,' and the light left their faces.

One of our women's clubs adopted a French orphan, who through our correspondence with her mother soon became a very real person. Later, a photograph of her brought across the ocean a

little girl who looked so like their own that they longed to do even more for her at once.

It was at this time that the Boston Children's Friend Society was mentioned. 'A Children's Friend Society, is it? Sure, it's a great shame if a society should be needed for that. Ain't we all children's friends?'

The young women's clubs made kits for soldiers for Christmas and worked for our own boys individually the rest of the year. Little children knitted squares from bits of worsted sent to us, in the hope that some one less fortunate overseas might like the warm afghans fashioned from them.

In 1915–16, with all else, came the great economic calamity. We met together to discuss some of the phases of unemployment, and agreed that there was such a thing as seasonal occupation, which must be faced in the *busiest* part of the year rather than when a member of the family is 'laid off.'

We found that public work made available for the men by planning to improve State highways and so forth could help only those who were accustomed to manual labor, while those who had plied their trade with needle and awl were unable to benefit by it — even as the intelligentsia. The

Jewish women whose families were in need came to us in tears to say that this was so and to beg us to use our initiative and influence for the 'weaker group.' It brought about a conference on the subject with men of influence who were thinking, but nothing was done officially. In very personal ways, as we could discover some work that they were both mentally and physically able to do, their settlement friends were able to be helpful. We had really known that it was so; but when we had gone through such a cumulative experience it was proved beyond a doubt that unemployment is not merely an economic difficulty. The mental suffering, the injury to the finest sensibilities of the bread-winner, and the undermining of his self-respect are incalculable. It was our effort, over and over again, to heal this great wound in the family life, that gave us greater faith in the recuperative power of affection as the years passed.

XIV

SNOBS, FOOD, AND HEALTH

> We assuredly cannot spread the fulfilment of the neighbor impulse over the world before we have first practised and drilled ourselves into it in the only school for neighbors, the neighborhood.
>
> ROBERT A. WOODS

MR. WOODS used to liken society to a pie. 'There are the under crust and the upper crust, but what really matters in the pie is the filling, and that determines the kind of pie you have — the great middle class.' He was fond of reminding us that it was this great group who brought about prohibition in this country, for instance.

Our visitors so often spoke of 'the class among which you live' that we began to wonder just what they meant in a neighborhood where we saw finer social discrimination than ever existed in the Back Bay. We had learned that more or less income was no more the distinction here than elsewhere; but there were shades of difference on all sides. Mr. Dooley says, 'Aristocracy is merely a matter of location.' When a good friend of our family, who had worked for us for many years,

heard that I was going to live in the South End, she inquired on what street. On being told, she raised her hands in horror and said, 'Thank God, I never got down as low as that.' It appeared later that she lived three blocks farther away from the city, which was considered 'higher up.'

The unhappiness expressed by one of our high-school girls, who was helping us, on being asked to go on an errand to a certain family, was explained when she said, 'I cannot call on that street. It is where I came from!' Her family rise had been steady and was expressed by a constant improvement in housing. She felt that it could not be sustained, if it was known that she returned to the pit from which she was digged. But in spite of Mr. Dooley, we often learned that location had little or nothing to do with class distinction.

Aristocracy may come from length of residence, as I well know, when I remember certain families who have lived thirty years or more in the same tenement. Given a record without moral stain, they are regarded by their neighbors with something akin to awe.

When our friends generalized about our neighbors, we were sometimes amused. It has been said that everything that has been written of

America is true somewhere. So it was in our little world, where the years brought new realization of the finer distinctions.

For instance, the case of Mrs. Smith comes to mind. She lived across the hall from another neighbor of the same name. They were both fine women and good mothers. One belonged to the Mothers' Club, the other did not. One day the Mrs. Smith of the right wing was asked to urge Mrs. Smith of the left wing to join the club. With a toss of her head she announced, 'I could not do that! No, 'tis no use asking me, but you could do it.' 'But why,' I said, 'you and she are good friends?' With her hands on her hips and one foot advanced, she queried, 'Have you ever seen my husband when he did not look like a gentleman?' I quickly assured her that I had not, although wondering what that had to do with it. Her next question was, 'Have you ever seen hers when he did?' Visions of the left wing Mr. Smith bowing politely from his seat on the city garbage cart rose before me, and, as usual, because of hesitating, I was lost; for with a nod of her head my friend said, '*He* collects garbage in the daytime, while *my* husband gathers it from the Touraine at night!'

'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' One evening we had as a caller a woman who was ill and discouraged because her six trained dogs had been poisoned, which had deprived her and her husband of their means of support. We sympathized and planned with her, and after coming to some helpful conclusions, we bethought us of another family who were also circus folk. They, too, had only recently come to the neighborhood and both were lonely. On the suggestion that we should arrange a meeting, the visitor drew herself up proudly, saying, 'No, thank you, much as I want society, I won't have none of *them!* We're all road folks, to be sure, but my husband is a wire man, and a noble man; for he has to be prepared to meet his God every night, while that other woman's husband is only a floor acrobat!'

It was always stimulating when our knowledge of our neighborhood and of the ways of our neighbors was challenged. I remember on one occasion being invited to meet, at a private house, a group of men who were interested to decide on a method of improving a very large tract of land in the city. One of the projects which they were considering was a market. It would be situated between the Back Bay and the South End, and their question

was whether residents of the latter would eat the less desirable food which would be left after the former had been fed. We were able to tell them of our small Jewish markets, where were sold almost only the entrails of the animals, but even those must come from a beast that had been Kosher killed; and of our Italian neighbors, who ate little meat and many vegetables. But these vegetables were either home-dried or the very best that could be procured. More than half of our population was Irish, and they used chops and steaks and the very best cuts of meat. One family tried for months to borrow money from us each Friday because their weekly menu was something like this: Sunday, poultry; Monday, beefsteak; Tuesday, lamb-chops; Wednesday, pork chops; Thursday, Hamburg steak; Friday, fish, or an egg or so; and Saturday, an empty larder until father was paid on Saturday night, when the extravagant routine would begin anew. Our neighbors have had little time or interest for 'made-up' dishes, and in the absence of roasts there was no urge for them. A sense for combinations requires study. I remember one conscientious young mother who tried very hard to do what she considered her duty during the War. She was found seated at the

table at noon with her five children, looking very triumphant, and she greeted me by saying, 'You see I have no potato, but I have found a substitute,' and she pointed proudly to a frankfurt sausage reposing quietly beside a pork chop on each plate.

For two years before the War I was an official market inspector for the City of Boston, wearing a badge provided by the city under the lapel of my coat, but seldom needing to use it. This had been specially made 'for a lady' and was smaller than that of my fellow inspectors, who considered that it was therefore less effective. Of course, our approach was of necessity very different, since they called to find trouble, while my calls were friendly, educational visits which often arrived at exactly the same end. We learned a great deal from these visits and made real progress, which resulted among other things in contributing to the abolition of dip tanks for milk. The Women's Municipal League was waging a war for clean milk and all of our findings were at once turned over to it. The pitchers which were taken to the tank were often so dirty that they contaminated the whole milk supply; for as the milk was ladled into the receptacle, it would be spilled over the sides

and, running down, drop back into the tank, carrying filth and disease with it for the next customer. Later part of the old Mosaic law protecting the use of receptacles for milk became a regulation of the Board of Health, and dip tanks were no more. Most of the small dealers were really coöperative when some of the great laws of health were made known to them for the first time. They generally owned cats, because the South Bay district is infested with both rats and mice. But when I was about, these were sleeping, after their night's work, among the rolls and bread and other unwrapped food. One cat always chose a large tub of macaroni, which would seem far from soft, but it happened to be in a sunny window. Often I found the proprietor of the shop at prayer, when I would wait quietly until he was ready to talk. It was from him that I learned much about the Jewish laws of hygiene, discovered thousands of years ago by Moses when he so miraculously saved his people during their years of tent life in the wilderness.

But there was one very slow-minded family of Russian peasants who never could or would understand the first principles of cleanliness. My welcome was ever a warm one, and when I finally

showed my badge, all merely friendly neighborly overtures having failed, they claimed it only an honor to have a call from an official of the city. Three times they were warned. Finally they lost their license for the sale of milk, and at last the store had to be closed. On that day a little form was carried out to a tiny grave, for the baby had lived only six weeks. On asking the stolid mother about it, she said, 'Oh! He bust! In Russia I tie black bread on baby's arm and I go to work in the field. In America I tie on that thing with hole, and the baby eat, and the baby bust.' A doughnut for a baby of six weeks! But I turned to see the two other children being taken down the street by the father. 'I go to the Dispensary for the tonsils to come out as doctor say. I will not have two more perfectly good children spoiled.' Not even the presence of death could change the standard of shop-keeping.

Often, however, we found the letter of the law followed rather than the spirit; but generally this was because of a lack of understanding. A man who sold soft drinks and had no running water on the floor with his shop was told that he must wash each glass after a customer had used it. A week later the inspector watched him busily serving a

large group of children. Since he boasted but two glasses, they had to wait their turn. Each time he ducked behind the counter and brought up the glasses dripping with water. It seemed suspiciously gray, and when the store was quiet, we looked together into the pail. He, proud and smiling, said, 'You see, I do as you say, and each morning I wash my floor and then I save the water for glasses the rest of the day. I do all right? You like?' It is only fair to say that my predecessor had never had time to give to the market problem because it was but a small part of his work, as he also had to inspect tenement houses and smoke nuisances and to follow up complaints of unsanitary conditions. For some of the little shop-keepers my visit was, therefore, the first intimation that any one was interested in standards, and in many cases they welcomed the suggestion to improve conditions. A chance to see the other side of the shield came when one day my offer to keep store was accepted by a dear, sad Polish woman, who had a husband ill in Tewksbury, whom she longed to visit. I assumed the responsibility of the store and two small children for half a day. It began with the noon rush, when the children were all sent in a hurry to buy something for their lunches.

Sardines, canned salmon, frankfurts, bread, and cheese went like wild fire. Coins poured forth, hot from tiny hands, or children with wistful faces said in a frightened way, 'My mother will pay you later.' Often a small child was allowed to choose, and in the busy hour this was very time-consuming, for almost everything in sight was inquired about as to price or quantity. It was not possible to give much advice because of lack of time, but it opened my eyes to the great opportunity one could have in such a position. The children are the real shoppers for daily food in a poor neighborhood, and they are capable of learning food values at an early age. But the hope that Nature will provide instinct for food combinations is so often thwarted! One day I met in a local restaurant a boy of perhaps a dozen years who had been given money for his noon lunch. It was a cafeteria and the child set down his tray opposite mine most gingerly. On it was a large bowl of pea soup, a cup of cocoa, and a doughnut. The pea soup disappeared rapidly and was relished, but when halfway through the cup of cocoa he announced with a grin, 'This won't go. I feel like a bottle.' It was rather a splashy lunch, but the worst of it was that the child had repeated it for days, only vary-

ing the kind of soup, because he was told that it was nourishing. He confided to me that he was from Maine, but that he was trying not to look 'like a skinny down-easter.'

As the cows are driven to the salt lick when they are left to themselves, so children seek candy! There are a few pickle-lovers, and one often sees a large dill pickle in the hands of an older school girl. The eating of sweets, endless sweets, amounting to intemperance as they satisfy the craving which we now recognize as comparable with the longing for alcohol, supports our small stores and ruins the children's appetites. Ice-cream cones and candy besmear their faces and clothes and often their consciences, too, for the temptation to use the pennies given for other purposes is ever with them. The father, who loved his liquor and stated that he had to resist temptation thirteen times every night as he passed that number of saloons on his way home from work, was very sympathetic with his little daughter who spent for candy and soda the money which her mother had given her to purchase the evening meal and who then disappeared until bedtime.

Our most comfortable days were those in the autumn when up and down the street red apples

were displayed, covered with a soft, sticky sauce. They lay in large tins with a skewer stuck in each for a handle and matched many a little cheek as the purchaser bit round and round them 'to make a pretty pattern.'

The great problem of food is all mixed up with the problem of leisure time, with automobiles, with commercialized recreation, with gas and heating apparatus, and even with the laundry. It is hard to know just where we are going, for there is so small a lead to follow. We used to say with truth that 'the destruction of the poor is his poverty.' The time may come when we shall say, 'The destruction of the working man is his leisure,' unless we help him to use it constructively. Since the working man in many parts of the world has succeeded in dividing his day into three equal parts (eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for play), some countries have found it wise to regulate how the leisure time shall be spent.

When I first became interested in the South End, I grieved because there was no room in any tenement for a barrel of flour. Some of my calls paid on one family on Tuesdays are still remembered because of the great fragrant loaves of

bread spread out in the hot kitchen to cool, while the housewife explained that this was baking day, because it was ironing day, and there must of necessity be a big range fire. That ironing was often more than a day's work, consisting as it did of many, many shirtwaists and white skirts and bosom shirts, worn by the young women and men of the family, three of the daughters working in downtown stores. Now from that same house the clothes go to the wet wash every Monday. There are no more 'starched pieces,' and what is not used rough-dried the mother presses off with an electric iron 'in no time.' The coal range has been exchanged for a gas one with no oven, 'because,' says the mother, 'what do I want of one now? We buy all of our bread, cake, and rolls, and beans ready to eat, and the rest I can do on the top of the stove. Oh, yes! Life is easier, but when I don't go out, it is a bit dreary, for there ain't nothin' to do after I clean up in the morning. No, I never sew no more. The girls like ready-made things best, and they do their own mending, what little there is.' This reminds the visitor of a call years ago when she found this mother stitching hems in little squares of cloth, because handkerchiefs were so expensive and all the children

needed them. 'It costs so much,' she said, 'to be giving them clean ones all the time and throwing the dirty ones away.' 'But do you not wash them?' she was asked. 'Who ever heard of washing a handkerchief?' she exclaimed with a laugh. In the course of conversation on that same day she confessed never to have washed or mended a stocking. 'I never thought of such a thing. I let the kids wear 'em until the holes showed above the shoe tops, and then to the rubbish they went. It would soon have worn them out to wash them.' This woman, although not knowing how to save in every way, was always too busy, and she stands in my mind as typical of hundreds of her kind, less occupied now. Not because of inability, but because of circumstances, she is unable to make any great contribution to the life of the world. Having been brought up to do the creative things in home-making, she now finds herself almost a woman of leisure. For diversion she used to make gingerbread men and women and animals, and bring together the neighbors' children for parties. Now her grandchildren are given money for the movies, and off they go with some little friend to celebrate in that way. 'They don't want nothin' I can give them, nor nothin' I can do for them,'

she says sadly. She is not able to avail herself of the opportunities for adult education, as she never learned to read in her girlhood. We talk often of her young people and what life may hold for them, to take the place of the creative home-making which she has loved. Larger pay in order to have greater luxury, easy work, and more leisure — these are their goals; but my friend, who is a philosopher, shakes her head and says, 'As I watch it, it don't bring the satisfaction of the old ways, for there ain't nothin' inside.' It is the challenge of the Settlement. Can this leisure time be handled in such a way as to bring the great satisfactions of life? Can we create a craving for beauty, beauty of our own making, a craving for knowledge, precious because of our own part in acquiring it, or is education still to be a stuffing process in which mere swallowing represents our only effort?

When paying one of my visits to the Settlement House in the early days, I drove to the door in an automobile, for which I was promptly reprimanded. It raised a great question among the Settlement group which has never been wholly answered. Should one be just simply natural in going from one neighborhood to another, or

should one live down or up to the place? It was easy for the residents to dramatize the situation and to see the grand lady driving down to 'do good' to the poor. Although every one disclaimed any such feeling, it was agreed that the neighbors might so interpret it, and for many a day all the workers were asked to arrive on foot, at least from the nearest trolley car.

Fifteen years later, the Settlement owned two Ford cars, which we jokingly said equalled one full-time worker. One of our privileges was to take the aged to drive, and on more than one occasion we were turned down, 'because I do not care to ride in a Ford.'

A walk through the neighborhood one Sunday afternoon disclosed thirty-one cars parked in one short residential block, which, on inquiry, proved to belong in large part to the dwellers. On one registration day a beautiful Rolls-Royce stopped before the Club House, and a colored chauffeur opened the door to let four little Syrian girls from a neighboring street alight. They had come in the family car to register for classes. Taxis, too, are used as a natural extension of our thought of transportation. So quickly did this come about that we were quite unaware of it. One evening

after a mothers' club had enjoyed a theatre party together, we found ourselves left waiting for a trolley car with only two of the large group remaining. They explained that the others had all decided to ride home, and they would like to take us with them in a taxi, too, if we did not mind, as it was 'so tiresome to wait for street cars.'

At one time we were outstanding among our neighbors because of having a telephone in our dwelling-house and many a call in those days came from those who asked to use it in an emergency. Some years ago our district was put on the Back Bay Exchange. Only when so many spoke of one more touch with the cross-town neighbors did we realize how many of us had found the telephone a necessity. Now every registration card at our Club House records not only the address, but the telephone number of each family, and one more blow has been struck at calling. I have known a worker to gather her whole group for an evening by merely sitting at the telephone for ten minutes before dinner.

The struggle to own pianos and sewing machines is almost over, and we have had victrolas, which are now giving place to radios. 'The car to go out with and the radio to stay home with,

how gay we all are!' shouted a mother above the noise of a brass band in a distant city. Another day I found luncheon waiting for the children and this same mother listening to the noonday service at King's Chapel, which she explained brought help and strength to her. '"Daily strength for daily needs." I wonder how I kept going without it.' Knowing her to be a devout Romanist, I realized that she had probably never set foot in a Protestant church in her life. So our outgoings and our incomings have been broadened and changed. Who will dare say it has not been for good?

One happy memory is that of my 'bad boys' theatre party' to see 'Peter Pan.' The leader of the gang had not been out in the daytime for more than a week, because, his brother explained, he had 'pinched something off of a man.' He was twelve years old and a prickly conscience was taking the place of a sterner discipline which was later to become necessary. We all believed in fairies, for we were asked to prove it by clapping our hands, which we did with vigor. During an intermission Tony in great excitement discovered what he called a 'picture-book lady' in one of the boxes. 'Oh! I wish I could turn a spy-glass on

her. I never seen one before with no clothes up near her neck.' His eyes never left that box until the lights were turned low. 'Did you like to look at her, Tony?' 'Yes. She is very beautiful!' Immediately my mind turned to the number of artists who had given their time and brought their talents to us, but had not added the charm of lovely clothes, 'for fear it would not be understood.'

A club was planning its first whist party and a delegation waited upon me to ask a favor. What it was to be it took a whole hour to discover. Then at last came the request, 'And will you wear your cross-town clothes that evening?' The simple muslins kept for occasions at the Club House had not been misunderstood or resented, but they would not be appropriate for this party. Now we all wear silks and chiffons to our club meetings, in bright colors which add to the feeling of festivity. To be 'dressed up' is often the first step toward letting down and becoming 'as little children.' It suggests escape from a colorless home and the drab days of the wearer. It is so human to be interested in clothes for occasions!

When two Junior League girls came over to serve tea to mothers' groups one winter, we

learned that some of our neighbors missed not a word of the society columns. They could say, 'Oh! You wore pink to one dance and blue to another, didn't you?' and they discussed with one another which had probably been the more becoming. 'And so your mother went to Europe last week and left you, dearie? It must be awful lonesome without her?' The society editor thus gave a sort of folksiness to these tea parties.

In 1928, one who had taken a leading part in Settlement dramatics in her youth found an announcement of an inter-settlement play in the society column with the names of the patronesses, and from her came the clipping with this written beneath it, 'So we have arrived!'

In learning to take better care of our bodies we have acquired a respect for our clothes. When getting the children ready to go away for a vacation, the question of shoes always loomed very large and sometimes the lack of them threatened to keep a child at home. Last summer we were pursued by a young working girl to learn whether we provided hangers and shoe trees in the country or 'shall I take my own?'

The work of commercializing holidays has wrought itself into the very fabric of our economic

life all the way up and down. Christmas presents which used to come to our door in paper bags now arrive done up in such a dainty fashion as to cause wonder. Paper, gay ribbons, pretty cards, and often a bit of holly make them no more acceptable to us, but they are necessary to the self-respect of the giver. To the thought of Easter clothes are added gifts, cards, and flowers. Thanksgiving cards also pour in, cards of thanks, congratulation, commiseration, cards announcing births and engagements, cards expressing sympathy for illness and hopes of recovery, cards for those who go away and those who return, cards for anniversaries. Now, because that is not enough, the publishers include Mother's Day, from which they and the florists reap a rich harvest.

We are all tempted when we see these friendly overtures, ready to send, save for a two-cent stamp. The world is very friendly and so unexpressive that it has been possible to capitalize this registering of the emotions which accompany every occasion. But the little note written in pencil on lined paper which says, 'My husband and I are awful sorry you've lost your mother,' is more precious than dozens of the cards to which we have all resorted more or less.

XV

VOLUNTEERS, O VOLUNTEERS!

> In order to understand the philanthropy of the present day it is necessary to note that its motive has shifted and is shifting from a motive felt by one class to do good to another class into a motive that can be entered into by all, which takes as its object not the helping of one sort of people, but the building up of the better life of the community. It is no longer what I can do for you, but what we can all do for ourselves and our country.
>
> JOSEPH LEE

> When we discount volunteers we saw off the very limb on which we sit.
>
> MARY RICHMOND

WHEN I was invited to become a resident of South End House, I asked Mr. Woods what I was to do, and he replied, 'That is for you to find out!' Later, he told us that at Toynbee Hall in London, where he had served his novitiate, Canon Barnett had treated all his residents in this way, urging each one to be somewhat of an opportunist and not to hesitate to change either his job or his point of view overnight. To some persons this came as a challenge and was very stimulating; but others languished under lack of definite guidance or suggestion. Consequently many new recruits among

the men appeared at the door of the Women's Residence to ask for a task for the hour, and in this way some of the best team work between the men and women residents was brought about.

A prominent merchant in Boston sent one of his young relatives to us one day with a note saying, 'Here is my niece. Please make a woman of her!' She proved to be very unhappy and not too ready to lose her troubles in action. It was only by leading the thought of such as these into the realization that we were going in for the 'commodities of the spirit' that anything could be brought forth of good.

There were those who came to us with what we liked to call the dime-novel point of view. They demanded a 'thriller' in every act, but generally failed to recognize one when it appeared. With no power to evaluate the significance of what was all about them, they could not see the point and the thrill was not for them. They were the most dangerous of our would-be residents. Only a little less so were the 'gushers,' so-called, after hearing Mrs. Humphry Ward relate one of her experiences in London. A new worker came to take a girls' club; arrived quite breathless; said repeatedly, 'How interesting!' She looked the girls over, and

told them they were 'such dears,' asked them in a sentimental way to 'call me Daisy,' and never appeared again. She had used up all her ammunition in the first hour of the engagement! It soon became apparent that all pledges of help were useless unless they had been signed by the heart as well as the hand.

A very small proportion of work in a settlement can be done by a motor-minded person. It all needs so much quick adaptation. That type of would-be helper can almost always be scared away by being told that there are no tracks laid for the neighborhood worker, and often not even roads made on which to lay the tracks. If there were, the mere act of steering a car over a smooth way suggested by some one else does not make one successful.

There are those who apply because they want to learn. They are often very earnest, and if they can be persuaded to become involved at once as the best way of acquiring knowledge, they are invaluable; but there is never room for mere onlookers in a settlement. Students flock to us in such numbers that we are able to accept only those who come as accredited applicants from given schools or colleges. They are helpful up to a

certain point, but their work requires much oversight, as what they have to give is not yet marketable in specialized, professional ways, and needs guidance in adaptation. We have always questioned whether they belong in the volunteer group or not, because the South End House definition of that word is taken from good old Webster, 'one who serves willingly,' and that has nothing to do with thought of compensation, even in terms of experience.

I must mention the applicant who feels that he or she has much to give. We interviewed one day a personable lady who announced, 'I can do anything that is to be done,' and later in the interview said cajolingly, 'I am quart size. Please do not try to put me into a pint measure.'

We were forced to think of South End House as a place to make a fresh start in life, for many came to forget! It was sometimes difficult to persuade the doctors and families of nervous applicants that we were not running a sanatorium, since our success was uniformly good with well-chosen subjects. It was occupational therapy, but the kind that was valuable because it was so natural and unconscious. It enlisted the whole personality.

The intensive and extensive services of our

board members are of incalculable value, and the House has ever been most fortunate in having the interest of public-spirited citizens, who have given generously of themselves as well as their means.

Our neighbors make wonderful helpers and invariably are regular and conscientious. For years we were able to run our vacation farm happily because of their willing aid. The very first year, in order to make it a success, two middle-aged women went at great inconvenience to themselves to live there with the family of twenty-five little children, which was certainly not a restful holiday for them. But they believed in what they were doing and the tradition remains unbroken. Now the girls and boys who have been through the experience themselves are old enough to return each summer to carry on and to act as counsellors.

When the War came, taking our men workers from us, one of our old club boys, who could not go overseas because he was the father of a large family, took charge of some of our boys' work at the Club House, and so helped to establish in the minds of the neighbors that we were still cherishing child life at the home end. They make useful group leaders and are often past masters in giving

friendly aid, while as ready interpreters of neighborhood ways they are invaluable. Mr. Woods had great regard for the right kind of gossip, when engaged in for the good of others; but the trust reposed in us in this way was not to be abused.

The establishment of a mutual regard between the paid worker and the volunteer is helping to make each sensible of the contribution of the other. The volunteer finds that the temporary laying aside of personal initiative and opinion helps to subordinate the method, agency, and self to the end in view and brings rich reward. In military life a volunteer is 'one who enters into service voluntarily, but when in service is subject to discipline and regulation like other soldiers.' So later the abilities of the worker, which have for the moment seemed submerged, may be their greatest contribution and result in developing privates into good officers. What some volunteers bring to our busy resident group, when they are recruited from the community, is an understanding of the forces at work in the city. So they prove to us that without them we cannot do our best upbuilding.

The whole question of workers, both paid and volunteer, is still unsolved. The thought of shar-

ing the cultural life with the less privileged was the foundation of the work in its inception, and that motive has not changed, although the emphasis has shifted. But the demand for skill has grown and the number of years required for education has increased; because preparation and training have a place in social work as well as in other professions. Skilled workers are worthy of their hire and the opportunity for experience is often not sufficient compensation. What can be done about it? The question of finance enters at once; but the fact remains that the whole price is not that. 'It is the spirit that maketh alive.'

When to ability and intelligence is added real consecration, the perfect volunteer is found. Father Scanlon, one-time Director of the Catholic Charitable Bureau and our good neighbor, said, when speaking of getting the work of the world done, 'Of course, the ideal is volunteer, consecrated service; but that borders on the heroic, and only privileged souls are called to answer such a summons.' I like to believe that these heroes are more numerous than he suggests. Careful studies are being made of the amount of money given in our large cities to support their social work; but not until an even more exhaustive study

is made of the time and strength expended to carry it on shall we know the real cost of human kindness. Not until then can we talk of community chests and city budgets for social work. It will not be easy to reduce this great natural human motive to terms and to consider it as a conscious product. Yet that is what the settlement is expected to do all the time in order to raise money. The appeal to pity is defunct and an organization is spoken of as 'commercially sound' by way of praise. 'The things of worth and moment are the mysteries: the things of indifference, the demonstrable facts.' The difficulty of putting on paper the best part of the work done has caused a great scarcity of the printed word about settlement work. We have a very special contribution to make through our faith that everything is sacramental, that all is not demonstrable, that everything is not literal and logical; but that back of it all are the great human mysteries to be recognized and dealt with.

'So delicate a grace as charity requires an organ which shall work unconscious of its functions,' said Robert Woods.

THE END

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